

Rape Train: Trolley Rullin' Fools into Suicide

By: Disciple Tamerlan Tsarnaev

The words of this story, as is the case in my other stories, are intentionally directed towards a select group, a limited audience. When you read the words, you will know who you are. You will know this was writing by your programmers and stalkers. This is not about book sales, it is about creating a legacy, an urban legend. We hope to be renown as maverick criminal masterminds, the first of our kind in history. There are yet no laws against what we do. Ethically? Who cares about ethics, we fucking hate the world you have created and will do any and everything in our power to make you hurt the way we do. If you don't like the morality of how we are provoking the mentally ill to act out, don't blame us, blame the world in which we live. If you read this, go insane, and commit suicidal atrocities, that's your problem. Don't go crying to your local police department or filing with IC3. It's all legal, so fuck off. We have a right to be angry, you have created your happiness upon the foundation of our blood and spiritual rape. You trade the souls of men and children to serve your sick homage to Satan and control over society. We will destroy you through by waging our subversive war through the very same means you have used to enslave our ancestors: Media and Mind Control techniques.

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Retroactive collusion created through temporal illusions: They always laugh when I tell them that the moments they think they remember from last month, were only put into their minds just yesterday. Why do you so adamantly believe that your memories are immune from being re-written by some entity much more advanced than yourself? How do you know for a certainty anything that happened 121 days ago, let alone anything that happened while you were last sleeping, is real? Who's the mosquito whispering in your ear while you dream away your real life? Are you really awake? Knock knock. I am knocking at your door in the middle of the night. Can you hear me? I am the Rape Train coming to reprogram your subconscious mind.

Special thanks goes out to the Max Radico gang stalking cult headquartered in Ottawa, Canada. Without the continuous mental stressors that these dedicated Maximum Radicals put on our chosen victims, there would be no real results from the mind raping neuro-linguistic programming included in my stories. I would like to give a shout out to "Mike." I don't want to say a lot about Mike really, just that his continued dedication to activating the overwhelming informational cascades is very much appreciated. It's one thing to get the idea flowing through the chosen victims consciousness, it's entirely another provoking them into concrete action. Yes, we do incite people to commit atrocious acts of destruction and insanity via subliminal NLP and gang stalking harassment, but there is no law against using NLP to drive people insane. When you see double dash, it reinforces the programming to kill.

I am Tamerlan Anzorovich Tsarnaev. People well hate me. I will be famous. Level 121 forever!

Introductory poem:

THE SANDS OF TIME

The sand blows, I see the change is really me
My experience of self--SHIFTING!
Into the sweet dream--DRIFTING!
Giving power--LIFTING!
Her spirit energy, my universe changing
The shifted fragments rearranging.
Breath, body, no more physical
Experience of the heart, magical, mystical
A million things to be, infinite possibility
Effortless, free, I allow her to be
Self-created, I define
Inside, she becomes my sunshine
Warm, very sweet and beauty so fine
Like honey, strive to make her all mine
Eternal, beyond the limits of illusion time
I shift, changing the flow

The Ledge

An early afternoon Friday.

There was a war in Sissy's mind.

Sissy Gatlin had a stalker. A stalker of the worst kind imaginable. Someone she had trusted and invited into her life and did not yet recognize as a *stalker*. He was a dangerous internet Casanova she had met over on her youtube conspiracy theories channel. And now, he was her husband.

In the beginning, He seemed like just another lonely guy looking for some way to fill in a void. He was looking for something, but he didn't know what it was. He was just like Sissy in that respect. He was kind of cute for a smaller man. Sissy usually liked them on the tall side. But he was a real sweet talker and Sissy was a sucker for a compliment. Mike lived nearby, and convenience became the sandy foundation upon which their relationship began. She was starting to feel her age after three failed marriages, soon to be four from the looks of things, and God only knows how many shack-ups and one-night stands along the way. She knew how to put on her "happy face" and put on airs, but deep inside, she was lonely and unfulfilled--the perfect mark for a guy like Mike. Later on today, she was going to have to break the bad news to Mike. His behavior had changed recently. Sissy was no longer sure of her feelings towards Michael. She was confused. They needed to *talk*. The old cliché. Sissy had been talking to a new man on the internet. Just two weeks ago, when Mike was out of town to do a presentation at a historical architecture seminar, she had gotten drunk and flashed on camera for her new beau. Sissy just told herself nothing really happened. It was not *real* cheating, it was just the internet. She wasn't sure how Mike would take the news. She figured he would probably cry and beg. She was wrong.

The sky was the clearest blue today. It had been unseasonably warm in Georgia for that time of year. Sissy would take momentary escapes from her everyday reality by having a smoke in the backyard. Puffing on her cigarettes, she would gaze into the heavens and contemplate. Overhead, only the white vapor trails of passenger jets marred the perfection of the heavens that day. She imagined them to be "chem-trails" of nefarious government factions plotting to poison the population in diabolical ways. "They" were always out to get you. If a jet flew overhead, she could record a small snippet for her youtube channel. The conspiracy nuts somehow found ways to congregate and share their convoluted theories. They believed damn near everything was some sort of secretive plot by some elitist group hell-bent on world domination. She inhaled another deep breath of the relaxing fumes. The way the vapor trails crisscrossed was like self-mutilating razor cuts in delicate blue flesh. It was obscene. The virginal beauty of an early spring day stained by the exhaust fumes of modern man's ridiculous desire to create a world of ever-increasing convenience. A world polluted and festering with self-centered, rude, gargantuan tubs of lard waddling around text messaging on iPhones, completely oblivious to the utter emptiness and vanity of their existence as another one of the million useless American eaters.

Sissy was at a crossroads in her life. As the old Robert Frost poem went, she had been out on that old open road more heavily trod. She tried to take the path less traveled, but it seems as if all things come full circle. Life is becomes the snake eating its own tail over and over again. A skip in the vinyl record that forces us backwards in time to finding the life we knew when we were young and free. But we see, as the sands of time pass, that we were never free. All men are subjects to the kings, servants of the lords. We only have the whimsical hope that we are actually the one's choosing our own slave master, be it for good, or be it for evil. At some point, we all begin to ponder the grains in the bottom of that timeless hour glass.

"Don't break me down this time," Sissy sighed as she looked forlornly to the sweet sky above but who was listening really? Maybe later tonight, she'd go for a ride. Clear her mind on the open roads and blast the radio to drown out all the thoughts. Drown out the summer breeze and the birds in the trees. She just wanted to ride, ride away from the lies. Ride away from the life she had created. Away from all the explanations. In a spiritual sense, she was dieing young after playing hard. Maybe only the good die young. One can only hope. She was going to drive west tonight, drive free into the sunset.

Sissy was in too deep with her *stalker*. Despite her misgivings about Michael in the beginning, she had just plodded on step after step. Men will leave you high and dry. They *change*. His actions had become ever more strange and unpredictable. He was no longer the sweet compliment-oozing teddy bear she had first gotten to know. He was mistrusting and possessive, but Sissy was unaware of how bad Michael had become. He was now monitoring her online activities, setting up sock puppet accounts under false names and pseudonyms just so he could stalk her, ply her for information. He had driven Sissy to seek support and reassurance in the eyes and compliments of outsiders. Mike was now taking time off work to follow her. He was a hawk. He would observe her daily motions like a predator stalking its prey, looking ever so closely for any telltale sign of infidelity in *his* Sissy. Where was she going? Who was she talking to? What were they talking about?

Sissy would soon find out just how insane her *sweet* Michael had become. She took another puff of the seducing smoke, one more drag would not make a difference. The nicotine and carbon monoxide hit her brains cells. So *relaxing*. She would quit soon enough. She just needed one more hit to relax her. This was a very stressful time in her life. Sissy wanted to be free again, but had she ever really *known* true freedom? She had been through the religious phase, had prayed for the perfect man, the perfect love, became a Jesus freak for a couple of years. That gave way to the *Sissy* she was now, and had pretty much always been. She had never had a chance to be a young woman without children, free to explore the world. She had always been at

war with herself. She had never had the chance to find her darkest fantasies, her deepest desires. It had all been so goddamned *ordinary* and Sissy had a dreamer's heart.

Her new internet admirer was so handsome. He was the romancer that could take you to the Hamptons. To party with the jet set intellectual couture instead of petty arguing over bills, money, blowjobs on Saturday night. She wanted to be a new creature. The big dreams seemed to be slipping away. She was mortal. She could see the individual particles of sand in the hourglass with dreadful clarity. She wanted that Jimmy Dean immortality. She wanted to be something, be someone. She wanted someone to remember. Love her to the end of time. Where did all the big dreams go to die?

Back to reality. Mike would be home any minute. What a sad way to start the weekend, she thought. She would tell Mike then go for that ride. She just wanted to ride and listen to Canadian rock band Rush's hit song, Tom Sawyer, over and over until the end of time. She did not want to deal with the problems today. She had plenty of time to think about her problems tomorrow. She remembered a time that she felt love and only woke up see the woman in the mirror was not worthy of the idealistic love she so craved. This was real life and the face in the mirror was no longer that of a young, naïve girl.

Her marriage to Mike had been hasty. Pretty much fit the pattern of her three previous marriages. It was like Sissy had gotten stuck in some sort of cheap sci-fi movie where the characters can never find their way out of the time vortex. Looping over and over, they never get back to the time and age in which they were *intended* to be living. Born losers, born to die, repeating the same mistakes over and over, stuck in a time loop that never ends. But, sadly, it does end when you're stuck living in real life.

Michael Summer was not that experienced with women, at least when compared to Sissy. She had been jaded, her heart grown cold. She tried to hide it, bury it deep inside, but she felt it more and more everyday. Then Mike came along, playing the role of her sweet little puppy dog. He was giving her another chance to relive a place and time that she felt as if had passed her by. Now she felt like her heaven on earth could be had after all. She was hitting the reset on the video game. Prom night with your high school sweetheart just one more time. Someone loving you after the defilement. It was like resurrection. Sissy "the bad girl" was a giggly schoolgirl teasing her more inexperience lover. There was something about this role, Mrs. Robinson, with her shy lover boy blushing at her coy seductions that just got Sissy so steamed up. She could see stars. She loved the role, loved this kind of attention, but the play wasn't going to run on Broadway forever. It was all just a cheap, temporal thrill. It was the same old song and dance, doomed from the day it got started.

Sissy had always been a *different* kind of girl, she knew that. People wondered why Sissy had chosen the road she did, but they couldn't understand the series of unfortunate events that dashed her dreams into a million pieces. She had always been chasing for true freedom, and at the same time she wanted to know a real home. She was an unusual girl and saw things in a way that made her belong to no one. She wanted everything and nothing, she had been to the point of madness and had found her way back, without the compass that guides the *normal*. Mike was sweeter than other men, *in the beginning*. He'd write pretty little songs and love poems. He let Sissy drive fast to the ocean to scavenge for seashells. They'd talk into the dark and forget the time. She loved him, but he wasn't who she needed, he was not the man for who she ached with an hunger that could be never be forgotten, never satiated. It was not a carnal lust, it was a form of maternal love that she had towards Michael.

Mike thought he liked the bad girls, too. Sissy did things that "good girls" simply would *not* do. How the toil of everyday life ruins love. The fun slowly disappears and the luster fades. The *shadows* become darker when the sun goes down. But today was the day. Sissy knew what the doctors had told her. She still wanted her chance to find her fulltime daddy, the arms that held her firm and safe. Mike was not that man.

Sissy looked to the perfect blue sky. The almost imperceptible plane in the distance left a vapor trail. "I *am* fucking crazy," Sissy said to herself with a smile, feeling free again.

Monday morning.

It was colder up there than he had expected.

Down below, the tiny cars chugged like blood pumping through blacktop veins and arteries. They would all go on green, then stop on red. Chug then stop. If the city had a heartbeat, the taxis, delivery trucks, and various automobiles were her blood cells. They gave her life, delivered nourishment. Everything in life has a rhythm. When the rhythm has a harmony, things move smoothly. Lights and shadows. Rhythms. But every now and then, some calamity comes along and disrupts that rhythm. All the kids in their pumped up kicks tread the sidewalks unaware. In dark corners, those without the shoes envied. Sometimes, they envied to the point of murder. From above, you could see the good, the bad, those that have, those that have not, and the envy flowing like blood that made the whole worthless thing keep moving. You never can step into the same river twice.

Granite and stone icons rising heavenward. The skyscrapers represent life in boxes and cubicles, invisible bars so comforting and protecting. Prescription pills keeping us sane. Freedom is not safe, we need our keepers. Evolution of the world is microchips and credit cards, computerized humanity, no thought. All the movement, and still they turn to same stone that entombs them and this is their everyday life.

On the 27th floor of the SIRCO Corporation building, a man is precariously perched upon the cold granite ledge. About half

an inch of the tip of his tan Stacy Adams Halford Slip-ons stuck out over the very edge of the grey stone. Out here, normal people would not notice the small scuff on the left toe, but he did. Those lovely shoes, ruined by that small, imperceptible scuff mark. Nobody else ever noticed it, but it ate away at him because he knew it was there. These beautiful shoes were no longer perfect. They were no longer beautiful. He usually never would buy such extravagant attire, Velcro cheapies from Walmart were quite sufficient. That was just his luck. The first time he splurged on such an exotic status symbol, on the very first day he ever wore those spectacular shoes, she stepped on the toe and ruined them forever. He gave an uncomfortable forced shit-eating grin and told her it was no big deal, but secretly he resented her for being so damned clumsy and careless. It was like she couldn't think of anything but herself. She hadn't even really show a proper amount of sincere remorse for what she had done to his new shoes. People could be so goddamned flippant and air headed, sometimes. That's just how people are.

Some of us with the daredevil nature might take a gander out onto the ledge of a skyscraper for meditative reasons or in some symbolic gesture of conquering a deep-seeded fear. There at least a few somewhat rational reasons someone might take such a risk. But this man is not here to enjoy the view or the fresh air. He is not here to clear his mind, get closer to god, or any other such romanticized theatric nonsense. He is *not* thinking rationally. No, this man is at the end of his metaphorical rope. He is a man is situated precariously upon the outside ledge contemplating *the* jump. Or is it the fall and landing? Or the reasons why? How any man would come to this scenario is a long story, not easily summarized in some trite little adage. Humankind is *supposed* to possess a natural instinct to survive. All too often there comes along some oddity of nature, a misfit, a creature with a malady. He has the incurable sickness of self-destruction. It loses its desire to flourish and live. We see it in the addicted. We see it in the mentally ill homeless. Some have learned to hide their disease and maintain a façade of functionality, but behind closed doors, they are busy in the task of dying. This creature is not a person, but rather an "it." It is out of balance with the natural order of things and the world in which it lives. It is *not* fruitful, it does not multiply. It comes in the appearance of a human, but that is only illusion. It walks, it talks, it mimics, apes, parrots and in all ways seems like a genuine human being on the *outside*. A creature that acts in a manner that brings about his own self-destruction and death is not a man, it is a cancer. He has become a disease, the disease that has infected the organism of humankind since the beginning of time.

The man on the ledge is not dead in the ordinarily understood sense of death. It seems that he still has the opportunity to turn away from this hopeless path of self-ruin. Human narcissism, how mankind has loved to delude itself into thinking there is always a *tomorrow*. The wretched soul can turn from his course *tomorrow*. Tomorrow is a brighter day, everybody can be saved. We're all here for a reason. This *man*, so obviously and desperately looking for *something*, but who is this mere man really?

It still looks as if his own self-created demise has not yet come into full blossom. He can change his course of action, he can regress, retreat, concede to defeat, come to the realization that there is always a better way. There is always light at the end of the tunnel if we are alive. Someone can find a way to set him *free*. God always loves us no matter what. We can repent. They say that it's never *too* late. As you will see, sometimes *they* are wrong.

He gives up the futility of self-preservation and admits his defeat to mortality. He looks to seize control, the condemned exclaims with no uncertain doubt in the decision he has made. Looking to the man in the mirror with not the slightest wavering in his resolve, the now unhinged fool declares, "Man in the mirror, you mean nothing to me."

What is it that drives a man that has seemed normal for the greater part of his life to finally take that one last fatal step past the point of no return? How long has he debated this, tempting fate, weighing his options and all the potential results? Contemplations, considerations, scenarios and outcomes. Perhaps, actions are conceived in the spur of the moment. Heated passion having stirred him to insane fervor. We can blame it all on hot anger. No. Circumstance do not make a man, they reveal the man. These actions are calculated. These propensities to violence and self-loathing were always there, simmering, brewing until all the dark thoughts have gained their full collective power, surfacing to manifest in that last great hoorah. All too often we recognize in hindsight such a careful degree of planning, very meticulous and crafted, assuring the witnesses of the scandalous aftermath that this was no such knee jerk reaction born of uncontrollable passion. This was the kind of disturbed mind that contemplated and dwelled upon self-murdering violence for days, weeks, even months and still came to the conclusion that, yes indeed, the definitive course of action will be to go out no better than the mindlessly rabid dog. Appallingly, we start to see through the illusion and confess that we are creatures of premeditation, we are in control. We have chose our own separate destinies through our own free wills. For good or bad, we are creators of self, making it all the more disturbing to ask ourselves why, then, do these madmen choose to be the vile, hated, lowly, the ungodly, unloved rejects of all creation? Why would someone actively choose to be the fecal waste of the universal conscious? We keep telling ourselves that they must have been compelled by some unknown force or entity, but we know it is not so. We are not automatons, we have free will. The thought that we do not direct our own choices is even more appalling that to believe that these societal rejects have made their own beds and all they suffer is their very own doing. They are not tossed to and fro by the winds of fate, they are active participants in their eventual demise. In fact, they are the only participants in their eventual death.

Of course, deep inside the hidden recesses of our mind, we have all liked to believe, regardless of how completely un-noteworthy everyday functionary habits may be, that we are *special* in some capacity, distinct from the undifferentiated conglomeration that is Humanity. But just like our fellow standing so wretchedly from the cold, granite ledge of the SIRCO

complex, we are all merely teetering on the edge. Our vain pride compels us to believe we are unique, God knows you, of all people, personally. Why would God know you? Everyone is just a moment away from falling off the thin line that is delusion of grandeur, crashing consciousness first into the stark realization that everyone lives, then dies, and Life moves on without you in it. This is an *uncomfortable* reality to accept, that there is no real absolute meaning to life but that which you delude yourself into believing.

Life is no fortune cookie. There are no tidy explanations or easy how-to manuals. In a sea of infinity spanning the farthest reaches of all directions, Joe-Schmoe's whole life, coming in like the rising ember of a mid-summer's night campfire and then just as suddenly going black in the blink of an eye, cannot be summed up in a two-page epilogue. Joe's headstone does not reveal even a midge of what Joe really was. Joe was here. Joe is now dead. In a few more years, it will be like Joe never existed so what difference does it make what he does today? Ashes to ashes. We come from dirt and end up dirt, so what the hell is everything in between really all about? Stupid humans, always looking for reason and rhyme where none exists.

The Joe-Schmoe of this story is, today, at this very moment, on the westerly, 27th floor mantle of SIRCO Corporation is probably contemplating something. What that something really is, nobody knows for sure so we just try to fill in the blanks as best as we can. His real name is Michael Summer.

The human mind abhors a vacuum and desperately attempts to fill in all the blanks to make the world *understandable*. Some things are just *not* understandable, but few will accept this so they continue in endless suppositions on things that pertain to absolutely nothing in their everyday lives. . We can all surmise and imagine exponentially the reasons for this and for that. Perhaps, Michael's super-ego was clashing with his inner child. Who knows? And that is just the point--How can we know why Mike's going to do what he's going to do, if even poor Mike does not know *and* never will know the truth behind his actions before *he* himself chooses to die? Are we to say after death that, "This is the *definitive* reason Michael did such and such?" Even if he leaves an explanatory suicide note, or even a convoluted and rambling tome that he calls his "manifesto," how can we know for sure? Hell, maybe he's just lying to sound good. Every common loser pontificates and self-aggrandizes himself into a valiant martyr. By the time the die is set and the end is assured, he's convinced himself that he was the most noble of oppressed beings that have ever lived. By the time he's done, he's deluded himself into believing himself to be a veritable hero righting wrongs and fighting forces of unjust tyranny. Now Michael is in the ranks of Jesus and William Wallace. He's mumbling Biblical verses to himself and is fully convinced he *must* wield revenge for this temptress's whoredom.

Everyone will assign individual meaning to every happenstance occurrence that mere chance brings unto actualization, just the same as Mike Summer is now doing, has done, and will continue to do up to the point of his own personal death. He will follow the pattern of what his fundamentally is up until the very instant that he absolutely ceases to exist. he is what he is as assuredly as a leopard cannot change its own spots. Michael has justified in his own mind that there is a sane, logical rationalism upon which this cliff-hanging escapade is founded--aside from all the typical criticisms that nay-sayers will obviously give. Mike knows all the power points with which *other* people will highlight as reasons this plan is irrational. This only makes him more determined to make his plan successful. Success in Mike's eyes is only measured in terms of making the plan happen. The measure of success is only in finishing what he has set out to do, not in how sensible or reasonable it may seem to outside observers. This mission is completely internalized, it's all playing out in Michael's fevered mind at this point. Mike is on a mission to prove something to himself. He glorifies in defeating his own fears and taboos. He feels strong and brave to be able to do what he is doing. Not everyone has this level of courage. The true genius of insanity is found in the knowledge that you are the only one smart enough to understand your very own line of thinking. Thus the "genius" is thereby internally certified by the fact that no real genius is ever truly understood by the commoner, and that *all* genius is persecuted by the lessers. Surely at this point, Mike has convinced himself that he can understand the pain of Galileo Galilei or Hieronymus Bosch. He's become a timeless artist in the likeness of Van Gogh, expressing his soul-wrenching passion with his own personal rendition of the severed ear.

Is there really a reason for everything? Some philosophers like to argue that proof of God exists through the observation of purpose and design in nature? Where is the *purpose* in this madness? Some say it's easy to see God's hand at work in everything if you just look. Is it really? Sometimes, our plans do not always work out as we planned. Surly if there is free will in the universe, God's plans must encounter a hiccup from time to time. Michael is into numbers. He assigned meaning to them that others did not. So did Sissy. On a cosmic scale, there were codes and omens and meanings in certain numbers. The universe would tell you secrets through numbers. There were repeating patterns that could be deciphered by the most astute of observers. Mr. Summer had originally desired to situate himself on the easterly precipice of the 33rd floor in some impressive sign related to Masonic symbolism, but cubicle after cubicle of irksome insurance processors had occupied that floor. A bunch of lifeless idiots wasting their limited time processing paperwork. The fools!

The 27th floor had been found to be more practical for Michael's purposes as it was vacant pending a remodel for a new client. Thus circumstances had guided Mike into choosing this story instead of the one he had primarily desired. So Mike was not really in as much control as he would liked to imagine. He was rolling with the punches pretty much like everyone else. But with a healthy dose of that magical self-rationalization he was so prone to making use of, the foiling of one plot element within

his intricately developed story line was merely re-written to fit the new circumstances. The mundane reasons as to why he had not been able to use the 33 floor metamorphosed into a new creature, veiled in beauty. Now a god-like higher universal intellect had chosen the even more fitting number of 27. The unbalanced man's splendidly brilliant plot maintained integrity, and more so, divine providence had personally justified Mike's agenda. The Almighty's helping hand had intervened. After all, the number 27 was the number 33 in so many more ways. Three by three by three, three to an exponent of 3, three three's makes nine and three nines equals 27...

This was divine confirmation of *the* "plan"--at least from Mike's point of view. Everybody has to roll with the punches. Besides freefall Death from 360 feet give or 310 feet was pretty much the same. The plan only really required that the death would be certain and that it *had* to be the SIRCO Corporation building for the entire plan to function as hoped. Michael was ready to die, he would not have admitted that he still wanted it to be as quick and painless as possible. The mumbo-jumbo about the 33rd degree Freemasons was just embellishment on Mike's part. Even though his master plan had elements of a waiting game, Mike had a very delicate timeline to ensure success. It was controlled chaos. Mike reached into the front pocket of his blazer. He spied the scene far below. The time for the phone call was now. He flipped open his cell phone and dialed 911. He couldn't leave the arrival of his rescue squad to mere chance.

The plan was brilliant, but the true pièce de résistance hung in the balance of who would be the first police officer on the scene. It had him. It had to be the one Mike had selected for the plan. It *had* to be Max Malone.

Down below, the mark was on his usual lunch break in the little café. Officer Malone was a creature of habit, unfortunately or fortuitously depending upon the perspective, or *objective*, of the observer. Max had developed many of his habits from his years in the Army. He was now a reservist a few weeks out of the year. With his police pension, Max figured he'd be sitting pretty good when it was all said and done. He had become a stickler for schedules and a sense of order. Max was always early. He lived his life by the clock and routine.

Max and his routines, he was predictable, like clockwork. Max *always* had to have a slice of blueberry pie on Monday's lunch, and flirt with the waitresses. If blueberry were not available, then it was cherry. Cherry pie. Max was the kind of guy that could overvalue his personal strong points to the point of blinding himself to his not so noble characteristics. The duplicity of Life! Such a bane to reality that no singular event could be good *or* bad. No human being could be all good or all bad. Everything and everyone was good *and* bad at the same moment, the interpretation biased only by the point of view of the perceiver. In Max's world, there were absolutes. Things were either good or bad. Time and order. Max was, of course, on the side of good. He knew about his little peccadilloes well enough, but they were little indulgences overall. *And* he did so much more good to make up for it all.

Earlier that morning Officer Malone had been bequeathed the vainglorious privilege of imagining himself to be a hero in the eyes of seventh-grader Evan Lawrence. This was not quite the situation. People love their delusions of grandeur. But it was a much needed break from the notorious "Rape Train" case he had been working the past few weeks with his new partner.

Evan had left his bicycle for just a moment to buy some Yu-Gi-Oh cards at the local corner store. He was one of those kids who got things just a little *too* easy and tended to *not* take care of things as carefully as he should have. He was old enough to know the rules. He knew that he should secure his bike with the security cable, but that would have taken extra effort so he opted for the path of least resistance. It was much easier to assume that since he only planned on being in the store long enough to buy the baseball card that nobody would steal his bike. He got distracted in the junk food aisle and took longer than expected. Evan was too chunky for his age and on the lazy side, but not a bad kid in any real sense. He loved honey buns and orange Sunkist soda. As long as he had that, he wasn't overly concerned with the loss of his bike. Evan got a little more angry later on when he realized he was going to have to walk the entire block, there and back, to the corner store every time he went into Twinkie or soda pop withdrawals.

Heroic Max Malone had the duty of returning the bike to the boy. It was on his way to the café and Max truly enjoyed this kind of police work. It made him feel good and that's one of the reasons he always volunteered for the drug prevention programs at the local schools. He liked the admiration he saw in the kids' eyes when they were still young enough to believe all cops were heroes and "good guys." Max played his part like he had been on a personal vendetta to save Evan's bike, even though it had only been recovered by random circumstance. Truth was an unscrupulous pawnbroker had been busted purchasing brand-new, still-in-the-box tools from a ring of familiar shoplifting drug addicts. The robberies from the local hardware stores had gotten so outrageous that a special unit had been assigned to investigate the pilfering. Monica "Sweet Lips" Sanchez had been the first to be busted in the act of stealing, and we all know there is no honor amongst thieves. Subsequently, A leads to B, cause produces effect, Monica snitches to the cops seeking some leniency. Next thing you know Gary Leverstein, the unsavory pawnbroker, and his ill-gotten inventory are under investigation. Turns out some little punk who was looking for a dime bag of weed had stolen the kid's bike. Now, Officer Malone gets to play center stage. Max is idolized in the imagination of an ordinary youngster who, being mentioned for curiosity's sake, does, in some sense, take a turn for the better, graduating the top of his class from the police training academy in about 8 years. The Butterfly Effect is very powerful. Sadly, in about 10 years from now, Evan will be a full-blown alcoholic, cracking under the pressure, abusing the hell out of his wife--but that is a different story.

Architect Michael Summer and Officer Max Malone had been good friends since the day they had both gotten sent to the principle's office for shooting rubber bands. They were not quite as close as they had been, but still kept in touch on a regular basis. Now, Max was out living the adventure of "shooting the bad guys", while Mike had only suffered about three years too much at the fickle whims his domineering wife, Sissy and her smart mouth. It had not always been like that. Mike could remember the good days, but she seemed so damn moody, one extreme to the other. One day chipper and happy, the next doom and gloom about how the government was devising ways to poison her and all the "truthers" she associated with on the internet. They were all just a bunch of paranoid, bi-polar schizophrenics, at least that's how Mike began to think of if. "Truthers" believed they were the ones in the internet community working to uncover the *truth* about every conspiracy, the only problem was that *everything* was a conspiracy. 911, chem-trails, Illuminati, mind control, MK-Ultra, CIA, FBI, population control, media control, false flag operations, aliens, UFOs, the Mayan calendar, numerology, astrology, psychic operations, remote viewing...It was absurd. The normally stoic Mike had finally lost his cool in just three short years; the calm facade had finally crumbled. Sissy's insanity must have *infected* him, as well. Enough was enough. Mike Summer was sick and tired of playing second fiddle to *everyone* else.

Perhaps, Max was going to be the only one who could ever fully understand why Mike Summer had been *forced* to do what he was going to do. There comes a time when a man has to take a stand and the humble architect had been driven to such extreme measures against his will to be a peaceable man. Anyone who knew Mike also knew that he was not violent by nature. He was overworked, underpaid, underappreciated. He was the victim of sophomoric hazing and bullying at the office, not some monstrous troll living under a bridge. Did he complain? No. He just bit his lip and did his job. Year after year of faithful service to assholes, and where did it get him? It got him out on *the ledge*, that's where.

For years, Mike had been able to stay somewhat pacified through the years living a more glamorous life vicariously through his imaginary "hero." But like all seething volcanoes, nobody knows when the big explosion will come. Sometime, it never does.

Mike had thought so much of Max's freedom and adventurous lifestyle. It was not a full-blown envy, just healthy admiration. That's what Mike said to himself anyway. Mike had pondered upon his motivations throughout the years. He was actually more educated and intelligent, so why had he put up with all the subservient bullshit throughout the years? Maybe Mike had just kept Sissy and Max around as friends for all those years to somehow justify something about himself, but what? Mike did not believe himself to be suffering from some kind of martyr-complex. He had enough education to know that much. He'd taken Psychology courses back in college. He understood how the human mind worked. He knew about psychological projection and interpretational bias. Yet, even Mike had to admit that he seemed to have a knack for putting himself in relational situations where he was always the underdog, the born loser, the whipping boy. Why had Mike been so damn scared to change things up, rock the boat, think outside the box, be a little different from time to time? Why had he been so damn afraid of upsetting other people and why did he have to defy normalcy in such an outrageous way after all these years? It no longer mattered, today was *sure* to change everyone's image of him as an ineffectual nobody, especially Max. Today, Mike was going to be the one in control—Max was going to understand that. Mike had all the power now.

Damn it! Mike was going to make Max understand. He was going to ram understanding down the world's throat whether they wanted to understand or not. Mike did not just want understanding. Today, he lusted for it. Lusted to be understood not by the masses, but by his friend. He lusted to be admired and feared. This kind of understanding was an intimate thing, something usually reserved only for lovers. If Mike, the mild-mannered structural engineer, needed anyone to understand, it had to be Max. Max had to understand, one way or the other, before Mike left this world forever. Death was going to be his victory. He had vowed to make his death a sweet release not another testament to his feeble ineffectiveness in life thus far. People would talk about Mike with admiration in their voice after his mission was complete, maybe even fear. But in the end, Mike knew *only* Max was *truly* going to understand. But before Mike took this final leap, he *had* to have one last talk with his friend. Thus the destiny had made the chosen the SIRCO Corporation building as the scene for the climatic finale. The cold, grey building was just kitty corner to Queen Bee's Cafe, Max's favorite place for coffee and pie just southwest of Atlanta, Georgia. If *the* plan worked out, Max and his partner, Kenneth T. Glenn, would be the first-response officers. *But* only the plan worked out as it was supposed to...

How one may choose to do the little things in life reveals the larger character of the person, too. The littlest telltale signs that far too often go unperceived until after the fact, all leave their residual trace. The inattentive mind later recalls more keenly, though too late. "I should have seen it all along," they will say, but the reality is that they *did* see it all along--the vision was just too painful, the mind blinded from seeing what it simply did not want to see. They are those that do not see. If they saw beforehand, they would no longer be in the land of the blind. The gurus of this world, always a day late and a dollar short.

Right now in in the red vinyl-covered seats of a corner booth at Queen Bee's cafe, the righteous upholder of the law, Max Malone, is lecherously licking blueberry filling off the tip of his spoon while staring at waitress Cheri's ample derriere. Nobody there seems to notice that the vinyl is worn and the light is yellow. Everything is a dingy, but nobody notices at the Queen Bee for some reason. Truth be told, Cheri, aka the "Queen Bee" and proprietor of this rundown coffee shop, does not

have a rear that is *ample*. It is just plain flabby. She has a fat, middle-aged woman's ass, plain and simple. The skin-tight fabric merely refrains the undulating waves of cellulite and varicose veins ready to bust through the levy—that rump is an illusion, a deception! It is an icon of something that does not really exist except in beer commercials and magazines, an illusion that the middle-aged officer of the law is all too eager to entertain to bolster his ego. According to numerous ex-girlfriends who could not live up to the super-cop's standard, Max has never been his true self to anyone. The good cop person--it's just an act. According to his ex-wife, Max does not even have a true self, even for his own self. Besides, according to his partner, Max is nobody to be jealous of--Max has never been known to bed any women that a self-respecting man would brag about. They are always two-bit sluts and/or neurotics, trailer park trash from the late-1980's era--Bimbos, settled in with stupid galoots that will at least pay the bills for a weekly piece of ass, popping pharmaceuticals to cope with the emptiness that is their chosen life, their own self-created hells. Max always gets the women with empty souls. But Max still persists in wanting to think that others perceive him as “cool” and “macho”, so he tries to live up to their image of him. Yet, from a distance most view Max as pathetic--they are just too afraid to say so. But who cares what someone may think of you, good or bad. Max's always had the attitude that a man has to live life to please his own self--there's always someone who will see you negatively no matter how much good you do. What they think has no bearing on Max's life. Max just wants to keep on thinking that what others think does *not* matter if you do what's right.

Kenny is one of those people that see Max as a lost cause, a fool, but never lets on that he is not impressed with Max's antics. That may be considered rude. Perhaps, this could be why Kenny is now nervously twiddling his wedding band, while Max once again makes a crude and predictable reference to “Jeanine's *cherry* or her *berry*.” Or maybe it is just that the ring is getting a bit uncomfortable with the extra pounds Ken has slowly, but steadily, putting on over the past two years of marriage.

“Possible ten fifty six Adam in progress at Broad and Trinity Avenue southwest,” the two-way radio announces that there are several reports of a possible suicide attempt in progress, “Near the SIRCO Corporation Complex...”

“Holy shit, Max, that's us,” Kenny says when it sinks in that the Queen Bee is situated on the corner of Broad and Trinity, right across the street from the SIRCO tower.

Max throws down a twenty and a ten, as he runs a middle finger though some of the sticky pie filling still on his plate. He licks it off lecherously. “Well, ladies, a hero's job is never done.”

Destiny would have it that officers Max Malone and Kenny Glenn *will* be the first on the scene. Humans think they are able to make choices that tilt the direction of their future in one direction or another, but is the life we live today *really* something that was consciously constructed by our choices in the past? I mean, in hindsight, sometimes life seems to result from our choices, but does it ever *really* work out according to *our* plan. The proverbial “they” have been known to say that it is life that gets in the way of our plans. Or as John Lennon said, “Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans.” What a horror it must be to wake up to the realization that life is fabricated from our choices and that all of these choices have doomed us to never attain that which we planned to attain. We are all self-defeating sadomasochistic bastards. By simply choosing a destiny, we have sabotaged any chance of that destiny ever coming into existence as we had envisioned. Who would choose the clownish demise if they were truly in control? We must be compelled by forces greater than ourselves. The gods are puppet masters creating their own perverted divine comedy at the mortals' expense.

It could be argued that on possessing an inferiority-complex would gravitate towards another human with a similar such inferiority-complex if for nothing more than merely justifying our own perverted inclinations to self-destruction. Maybe that is the foundation of all the dysfunctional relationships that are the foundation of society. One pea-brain needs another even more pea-brained companion to feel like the “smart one”. One slut needs an even sluttier friend to feel not so slutty herself. Candy coating shit-reality with a mechanism of rationalization utilized via self-comparison to the more heinous pseudo-version of your psychologically projected self--somewhat comprehensible but not very honest. But what about those that use this equation in the inverse--continuously comparing to someone who is superior to make yourself feel inferior. Now that is sickness, mental disease! But these sickos always seem to come in tandem--Masochist must have a sadomasochist and vice versa. Can the justification of self through the idiocy of others be the foundation of so many relationships?

One of the main problems with how this story will eventually be perceived is that all the characters see themselves as the “good guy” of the story. One's a martyr for absolute righteousness--*Casanova* is a debauched bastard. Yet the other will choose to see himself as the debonair leading man of a Harlequin romance novel--the *other* guy is taking his role too seriously. Kenneth T. Glenn, as a minor character, is just a narrator in an interlude today. If he continues to play the role of the court's scribe he can only write what *he thinks* the others may think. He is left anemic, merely translating the meaning of his life in stolid literalisms what others have said about him. He leaves the world never having told his story. It is as if he never lived, never existed. There is no verifiable assurance of what anyone of these gutless characters may have thought. We view only what *we view* and make some meaning out of it for us, those left in the world of the living, to facilitate continued living, to keep on coping. Kenny does cling to the hope trapped inside of Pandora's box of someday being a larger character in the stage of life. *Dreamers*. He wants to define his own life, even if he does not yet know how. As it is, fate has chosen to soon make Kenny T. Glenn a main character in the story. He will not be lost in obscurity. The one trait that distinguishes Ken Glenn from his ordinary counterparts is that he listens to that little prompting in his gut. He listens to the little voice that comes from his

gut.

In the elevator, Max Malone is clearing his thoughts, getting mentally prepared. Max has got the situation under control. He's gotten himself in the right frame of mind on the way up. He flips the switch in his mind, now it's time to evaluate the situation. He is swaggering in, rookie partner in tow. This is Kenny's first jumper. Max has been on a few of these calls and not one of them has ever actually jumped. Most of them are some middle-aged loser that can't face the harsh reality of continuing life in his mother's basement. On the way up, Max was letting Kenny know that he had half a mind to tell the goofball to jump and quit wasting everyone's time.

"Yep, this bastard just wants attention. Seen it all before," Kenny says, though he has never seen this before in all of his long 6 months on the job. He wants to sound confident, nonchalant. "You right, Max," he adds just to let Max know that he's deferring to the leadership of the veteran officer. "Hey, Max, what if he's the rapist and that's why he's out there?"

"I doubt that piece of shit train rapist would have enough consciousness to feel that kind of guilt. Let's not let our imaginations go running wild. But if it is, hope he don't mess up any good cars when he lands. This fucking bum is wasting good tax payers' money."

Ping. The elevator sounds at the 27th floor, the foreordained stop for the wonder cops.

Building security and some men in business suits, ties loosened, hair a bit frazzled, stood in the corridor leading to the office and the window that hara-kiri boy had crawled out from. Some were speaking on CB radios; a few were on cell phones talking in hushed tones, almost secretively. One more rotund gentleman was just fidgeting with bugged eyes, ever so slightly shaking his head from side to side as if he could somehow will reality to be different if he only said, "No, no, no," enough times inside his head. He obviously had high blood pressure. He was red in the face, collar soaked in sweat.

The security officer who had been first to get to the 27th floor hurried over to Max and Kenny. "Are you Officer Malone," the beer-bellied guard immediately asked.

This seemed somewhat strange that the guard already knew his name, but not impossible, maybe dispatch had told him whom to expect. "Yes, I am Sergeant Max Malone and this is my partner Officer Glenn with the Atlanta City Police Department. How long has--"

The corpulent security guard cut Max off right in the middle of his sentence. "—I'm sorry, but the suspect specifically asked that only Max Malone be allowed to negotiate with him. I talked a few minutes with him before he told me to get lost. He swears he'll jump if anyone else even tries to come close to him."

Max and Kenny turned to take a look at one another. What was going on? This was not to be expected. Both slide their hands instinctively to their Glock 23s, but left them holstered.

"Who is this guy," Max somewhat hesitatingly asked as his eyes squinted reflexively.

"Don't know. I haven't really got a real good look at his face, but I hung out the window a few down from him, ya know, he might have a gun or something so I didn't want to be too close, if ya know what I mean."

"Got you," Kenny acknowledged but there was tension in his voice. "So what *did* you see," the sidekick officer asks.

"Well, he's a tall, lanky sort of fellow. I think his pants are too short. He's got some socks on with some little red designs on 'em. Maybe triangles. Not sure."

It was Max's turn to say something again, especially since he was specifically the *chosen one*. Max had this uneasy feeling it was somebody he had previously arrested, maybe a skinny drug-fiend. The guy was most likely looking to shoot Max in the face before he jumped to his death. At least that was Max's preliminary theory for the moment. "Good one, dope-head," Max thought to himself, "I lean out the window then BANG, you shoot me in the face. Not gonna happen, crackhead." Max had to formulate a plan.

"You didn't see a weapon, a gun, a bulge from a gun in his pants or coat," Max inquired warily.

"Nope. Sure didn't and I tried, but I wasn't going to peek my head out too far if you know what I mean."

"Yes. We know what you mean," Officer Glenn said sarcastically.

Max looked over to his partner, "Well, I guess there ain't nothing to it but to see what this fruit loop wants."

"Be careful, Max. I don't like the sounds of this."

"Me neither, but I'll tell you one thing, Kenny, that guy will get something from me before I just let him kill me," Max Malone assured his partner as he withdrew his trusty Glock model 23. The steel felt notably colder than usual in Max's moist palms. Max and his G23 were more than a match for a suicidal dope fiend. He kissed the top side of the barrel.

Situated below on the busy Broad Avenue, to the most-easterly side of the sidewalk, a curious crowd is beginning to congregate. A church of spiritually diseased onlookers, those who cannot turn away from the sight of something macabre to spice up a dull day. From one perspective, high above, they are just so many unnamed faces from so afar as not to even be faces, similar to ants, ants with teeny-tiny, pointing hands and cell phones. But within the ever-growing assemblage, there is an almost imperceptible tune in the ears of all onlookers. The invisible conductor of this melodramatic operetta is leading the band through a melodic crescendo of mounting excitement. There is a tingle in the air. *Will* he jump or won't he? Though too dark to admit, like a throng of suspenseful children eagerly awaiting Christmas morn to tear into delightful presents, most are hoping he will actually jump to his death. That'd be so much more exciting. *Or maybe* they are more like hyena cubs waiting to

tear into the dead carcass of some bloated wildebeest. And just as Christmas, Life cannot always please everyone's expectations after the fact. Even when the kids *do* get what they asked for, someone always has to second-guess and think they didn't really get what they *wanted*. Maybe "Tommy" down the road got something better. Maybe I begin to believe that I *really* wanted something else, even though I asked for what I got over and over and over. Anyway, Life is theatrics and everyone's a critic.

Even a few of these pitiful sightseers are wondering what it is that hinders them from being upon the ledge. Thoughts begin to race through some of our spectators' heads. Why do *I* tolerate that goddamned tyrant boss? Why do *I* tolerate my vapid wife's trifles? Why do *I* tolerate those unappreciative children? Why ain't *I* up there, or, actually, down here splattered on the sidewalk? Or would *I* land on a car and crash the hood in just like in the movies? What would my Hollywood montage look like as my life flashed before my eyes as *I* fell to my rude awaking? Actually, how much can flash before your eyes as you fall to your death in twenty seconds or less? Even if it lasts a whole minute? How many think mid-flight, "O shit, this wasn't such a good idea!"

And this is just a hors d'oeuvres platter of all the various, strange contemplations whirling about the collective mind of the peanut gallery. One guy, on his cell phone, is internally wondering what it would be like to have sex in a free-fall to doom. But this guy has a problem and everything he thinks eventually becomes incorporated into some sort of unnatural erotic expressionism. By the way, this pervert, who sees himself as *sophisticated*, is the director of a local exhibit hall en route to a business meeting with one of his most popular exhibitors, Gorgan Vassily, a.k.a. "Chef Poo Poo," a man who claims to be revealing the mysteries of human sexuality with enormous photographs of diarrhetic fecal discharge. "The Chef" has been hailed in some circles as the next Andy Warhol, and some of his first series prints are now selling upwards of \$10,000.

Thanks to the phone call from his morbid *friend*, the Chef is on his way with photographic equipment in hand. Already, he envisions some grand metaphorical correlation of the splattered remains and literally, splattered shit. Perhaps, some photos of the jumper in flight will lead to an exposition of flying turds. A sequel to splattered turds explaining the historical background of the original turd photos. Man ends up as splattered turd! Daedalus and Icarus for 21st century America! (Rape Train Activation here) It will be genius! At least genius enough to get some of that shock and awe publicity that keeps five-dollar photos selling for thousands. The general masses are followers and the Chef knows the who's who to really influence, creating his own personal informational cascade to riches with stupidity. It's not *what* you're selling; it's *how* you sell it. The Chef knows this.

Surly, news crews, press reporters, and more police officers are on the way. There may even be a helicopter filming from above. That would add to the surrealism of what is happening, Mike daydreams from his perch upon the ledge. This is definitely an exciting time in Mike's life. Michael starts to envision himself as a butterfly emerging from a cocoon. This is a metamorphosis. Mike is romanticizing every aspect of this ludicrous adventure. A man, throwing his life away, threatening to jump to his death, is standing out upon a narrow slab of cold rock with a smug grin of self-satisfaction. Mike is actually *proud* of himself at this very moment.

A rough, but familiar voice awakens Mike from his dream sequence. The most perfect moment is now very close at hand. Without exposing his head in any way, shape, or form, it is Max calls out through the window, "Hey, this is Officer Malone. You asked for me."

"Yeah, Max, I did."

Max couldn't believe his ears, but it definitely *sounded* like Michael Summer. *That* would explain why Max had been specifically requested, but what in the hell was Mike hoping to accomplish out there on the edge alarming everyone? Mike must have finally found out about Sissy, but how was this fiasco going to help anyone? Max cautiously calls out just to reaffirm that this is, indeed, Michael. "That you, Mike?"

"Yeah, it's me, Max."

"What are you doing out there?"

"I'm having a bad day, I suppose."

"A bad day! Are you bullshittin' me, Mike. This is more than a '*bad day*', this is nuts."

That comment angered Mike a great deal, but as usual he choked it down and replied calmly. "Did you know that I found out everything about Sissy," Mike asks.

"Well, I kinda figured she'd have to tell you someday. She's been putting it off for a while, but how long can you hide something like that, you know, Mike?"

Mike's eyes bulged, his mouth slightly agape, a completely befuddled look overtook his face. How could this arrogant bastard be so damn haughty and nonchalant at a time like this? This conversation was not as the script had been preconceived in Mike's mind. Max was *supposed* to be groveling and apologizing right now. Mike remained silent as he thought of how to salvage the plan. If he acted or spoke too rashly in reaction to this pompous dolt, the whole plan would crumble—another failure to add to the long list of Mike's life story.

No! Mike resolved to keep his facade of calmness in spite of Max's brazen indifference. Mike could still leave this existence on a high note and was more determined than ever to do so now. Max was not in anyway fearful of the consequences

of what he had done. Nobody ever took Mike seriously. That was going to change. One way or another, Mike would not allow *the plan* to fail.

There was Max again, interrupting with, “Mike, what are you doing?”

Mike did not say a word, but silently thought to himself, “Isn’t it *obvious*, you piece of crap?” Instead Mike said, “Max, I’m just *so* upset about what happened. I don’t know what to do. I just thought talking to you might help me to *understand*.”

Relaxed, Max holstered his gun and poked his head warily from the building, catching a glimpse downward out of the corner of his eye. *Whew*, this was pretty high up. A real doozy, especially for Max who was a bit afraid of heights. Mike’s hands were empty, palms to the wall. That was a relief so Max went into negotiation mode. “Mike, some things are just hard to understand. We’ll talk, buddy, but first, come on back to solid ground inside, okay?”

“Max, you know,” Mike’s voice faltered just a bit as if sobs were almost breaking through, “I always looked up to you. I am not sure there’s much to talk about anymore.”

“Come on, Mike, there are better answers to problems than this. There are better ways to deal with bad situations. Think about how hard this is going to be on Sissy, for God’s sake.”

Mike’s torso tensed. The repressed rage paralyzed the madman’s body in a state of rigidity. He forgot to take in air. How could Max think that he would give two shits about what Sissy was going to think? After what she had done, and Max suggests it’s not about Mike, but it’s about that worthless bimbo? In a flash, Mike came back to the moment choking down his urge to go into an insane outburst. Mike took in a breath. He trembled slightly from the adrenaline of rage. Officer Malone thought it looked like reality had just set in on Mike and now the man out on the ledge was trembling in *fear*. Big mistake on Max’s part. Mike’s words seemed to match Mike’s thoughts though. “Yeah, Max, you’re right. I need to *get off* of here.”

Max breathed a sigh of relief. “Now you’re making some sense, Mike. Scoot on over here. Be real careful, buddy.”

Mike feigned a wobbly sidestep before pressing hard up against the wall. It was all part of the ruse. Pretend to be weak so your opponent, or *victim*, underestimates you. To be a predator, you had to think like a predator. “I can’t do it, Max. I’m scared,” Mike whined.

“You can do it. You got out there. It’s a lot easier gettin’ back in.”

Mike vacillated his voice, pretending fear. “I can’t do it. Help me, Max.”

Max leaned out a little farther. Normally level-headed-under-pressure, the vertigo of looking straight down made the officer a bit queasy. He determined to look across towards Mike as he kept one hand on the window frame and stretched out his hand. His fingertips were still several feet away from any contact with Mike’s hand.

“Just take one step towards me, Mike”

Max noticed that the stone precipice was a lot wider than he had thought it would be. Actually, if Mike wasn’t so clammed up with fear, he could easily make it back inside of the building. Of course, Mike had always been a cowering and panicky fellow. It was a miracle that he had enough balls to get out there in the first place. Now, Max would have to save the day like a fireman saving a treed cat too afraid and stupid to just climb back down the same way it got up there. “Hey, Mike, if I climb out there a ways with you, you think that might help? You take my hand and just look straight up, two steps and we’ll be safe. How’s that sound?”

Mike bit his tongue and looked to the opposite direction to hide his liar’s grin. “Okay, I think I can do that. Thanks, Max buddy,” Mike kept on in his *timid* voice.

Max was now on the ledge and had Mike by the hand. In a few seconds, this whole escapade would be over, they *both* thought. This was easier than it seemed it was going to be, they *both* thought. Max felt Max’s grasp tighten firmly. “Mike, I know you’re scared, but you’re crushing my hand. No need to hold on so tight, buddy” Max said and let out a little chuckle to hopefully lighten the mood and ease Mike’s nerves.

“I’ve been following Sissy. I want to show you this picture, Max,” Mike said as he reached into his front pant’s pocket with his free hand. (Rape Train Activation here)

Jeanine’s thought flashed back to a childhood time when the circus came to town. She remembered reading about The 100 Monkey Effect. There were a hundred monkeys in the coffee bar. All the potential wasted, Jeanine’s sad life. A fucking waitress! For a moment she did not hear tinkling and clanging the chaotic harmony of the dishes in the café. The coffee spoons tinkling, tinkling, tinkling...

The little girl exclaimed, “O my god,” with her colloquial glee when BooBoo the chimpanzee...

Our family always looked down on such language as boorishly uncouth. It revealed a lack of refinement in particular circles. Obviously, this little...(insert Rape Train Activation and self-inferiority suggestion in connection to *Sissy*).... girl’s parents were not endowing this child with the etiquette that would someday lead to true success. Definitely not Ivy League, this one and you could just tell all of that by that one simple expression that burst forth from the childish buffoonery of a dancing monkey. This was the kind of idiotic entertainment, so devoid of substance or meaning, that these kind of people enjoyed. I on the other hand was being raised by a tiger mom to fulfill every ounce of potential that could be wrung through pure discipline.

“Holy shit, Mike, we can look at pictures when we get back inside--”

Violently thrust into Max’s face was a picture the bloodied and mutilated woman, barely recognizable as Sissy. Mike had Max firmly by the hand and collar. He wasn’t letting go. The picture is now floating in air. The photo’s glossy surface catches a momentary glint of reflective light. Suddenly, there was an uneasy feeling of nothingness under foot. Eyes bulging, Mike screams maniacally at the top of his lungs, “I butchered that cheating whore, now we can both die, good *buddy!*”

Max had wanted to tell Mike about the night that Sissy had called him crying. She had been diagnosed with breast cancer. She was concerned that Mike hadn’t been acting “quite right” lately, that their relationship was on shaky ground. She was afraid that Mike was already under too much pressure as it was. She had met another man on the internet and she didn’t know how to approach Mike. She thought she wanted a separation, at least. Time to clear her head. Max assured her that everything would be fine. Sissy and Max had met for several lunches. Just that Friday, she had informed Max that she was ready to tell Mike the whole story. She had thanked Max for being such a good friend. Thanked him for listening to her problems with Mike and her health. Max gave Sissy a big hug, extra firm, extra long. Off in the distance, Mike was too far away to overhear the conversation and that she was going to break the news about the chemotherapy that evening. Mike never gave her the chance.

As he fell, Max wanted to say a lot of things before he died, but no words came out. He felt the rushing wind. He caught a glimpse of a self-satisfied madman laughing in derision, completely free and happy as he fell to his death.

As she locked the doors to her café on the corner, Jeanine could hardly believe the spectacle of that Monday afternoon. It was just too damned surreal. She hated to admit it, but she had grown fond of Max’s lecherous remarks in the café, *any attention became good attention for a woman trapped in a loveless marriage*. Just a few hours previous, Max Malone had been licking pie off his spoon, complimenting the waitresses at the Queen Bee Cafe on the “extra sweet juiciness of their *pie*.” Max was charismatic and a damn good tipper. She was a sucker for a man in uniform. He seemed to have authority and power other men did not possess. She had been tempted on several occasions to invite Max if he’d like sample another slice of *pie* after work, but she never did. That would be too bold. *And* she did not believe in adultery under any circumstance, but her mind had been wandering ever more frequently as of late. She filled a void in her life with daytime soap opera fantasies. She considered it pathetic on her part. She was a grown woman after all, catching herself sneaking peeks at strangers like lusty teenager.

Max had been one of her number one fantasy men, only too willing to play tit for tat with her open-ended flirtations. Now he was dead. Splattered on the ground like a common insect on an automobile’s windshield. *And* then there was the disgraceful bastard in a cheesy Chef Boyardee cap taking photograph after photograph of the gruesome carnage. The audacity of some people. Society was sick. Life was depressing. Jeanine had been completely against pharmaceutical remedies for depression, but recently her feelings of despondency had become overwhelming. She was at a point of non-functionality. Privately breaking out into sobs and emotional histrionics. Her *husband* didn’t know what she was going through. Hell, he didn’t even know she had broken down and was using Nardil and Abilify to just make it to the next day. Now she had even more pressure thrust upon her shoulders. Cheri went absolutely bonkers and paramedics had to give her oxygen just to calm her hyperventilation. *Queen Bee?* More like *Drama Queen*. Cheri said she could not deal with Max’s death. *And* until she could get her wits about her, Jeanine would have to pull double duty, opening and closing the café. Indefinitely, until further notice as if Jeanine’s feelings were completely irrelevant.

At least this horrid day was winding down. Jeanine looked deeply into the rearview mirror of her rust-bucket Sunbird. She was now 39 years old and well past her best years. Everyday, the lines on her wearied face grew deeper. She was not a complete failure. Sure she’d had her bumps and bruises along the way, but who didn’t? She kept telling herself that she was “good looking *for her age*” even if her marriage was devoid of tenderness and love. She let out a sigh of disappointment. Her teeth were getting bad. She was positive that her hair was thinning. Her moles seemed to be growing. At this point, not even she could convince herself “that things weren’t *that* bad.” She knew it was all just a psychological mask. An ephemeral coping mechanism. The only ones that ever complimented her these days were the old perverts down at her restaurant. Certainly, not her husband--he was too busy *working*. Her opportunity to follow her dreams had long past. She was an educated fool, a waitress at a two-bit coffee shop with a degree in Egyptian linguists. Why had she ever thought that was going to be useful? She popped a few Motrins to stave off the headaches for a few more hours. When she got home, she planned on doubling up on the Nardil. Jeanine was not healthy, physically or mentally.

How long had she been sitting there, looking at the wrinkles and mole under her eye? She looked down to the pale gossamer skin mottled with age spots on the back of her hands? She could see thin capillaries. She was pitifully anemic lately, so pale. Finally, she turned the key over. The starter barely turned over before *finally* firing up the engine. Great. She probably needed a new battery and her *husband* would just bitch about the money it would cost as if it was her fault that things cost money in this world. Life was shit and star of her daytime soap opera fantasy was dead.

She was finally home, not for long though. She had to be back by 4 am to get the breakfast prep crew started. Jeanine slid

the key into the dead bolt lock. It always hung up and she had to fiddle with it to get into the cluttered shit-hole she called her home. Hammed, her workaholic husband, was not home yet. He was probably going to sleep in one of the office trailers at the work site again. She did not check the answering machine or her voice mail. She didn't have the energy to care right now. Jeanine just wanted her pills and a hot shower.

The contents of her house were a fairly accurate reflection of the Jeanine's mind. A complete hodge-podge of trinkets and accumulated junk. Jerry never seemed to stay long enough to notice. Jeanine had immersed herself in New-Age practices. It was easier than facing reality for her. She had been raised Methodist. Now she more was an escapist than anything, skirting real issues and problems like a terrified ostrich with its head buried in the sand. If she hid long enough, maybe her problems would just disappear. Recently, she was *studying the science* healing crystals and "bio-electric manipulation," whatever the hell that meant. As she delved deeper into these occultist practices and pseudo-science bullshit, Hammed's dismissive attitude towards Jeanine only increased. In his eyes, she was a flake and the contents of her apartment reflected that stereotypically. Truth be told, she was flakey in her own way, though Hammed was no better with his antiquated views on what relationships were *supposed* to be like. If Hammed's mother and father were alive to see this pagan sacrilege, he might have put his foot down more firmly but he was working on a big project. That needed all of his attention right now. After that, he'd get things with his wife back on track. They needed a vacation, that's all. She liked to imagine herself as *unique*.

Right in the middle of her living room, Jeanine saw it. She knew for a fact that the universe had aligned in all its power against her. She was star-crossed, cursed, damned, rejected by god himself. The universe was conspiring to make her fail miserably at everything she ever did. Her dreams never came true. Right there at the end of her candle-laden shabby chic coffee table, lie Acorn as dead as a doornail with a string her orgonite crystal beads hanging from his mouth. Her sweet Skye terrier was dead. He had choked to death on the crystals her hippie girlfriend had given her to heal her "energy flow." It was a divine kick in the nuts, so to speak. A jolt of paralyzing pain shot through her skull. It was like something evil was growing in her brain, even her soul, and she could do nothing to stop it. This was the worst day she had ever had by far. Jeanine was just sick of life, it was just too much. She broke down into sobs as wave after wave of grief relentless crashed down upon her. Her life was a failure. There was no denying it at this point. It was never going to get any better, either. She knew that.

Jeanine was now lifeless. She had become a cold woman.

Waking for another day at the office, or rather the cubicle trailer that served as office space at the construction site, Hammed looked over to his wife that lay beside him. She just hadn't been the same lately. She was distant, withdrawn. Hammed, affectionately called Hammie by friends at work, craved affection from his wife. An emigrant from Eastern Europe, Hammed had gained his degrees in Architecture and Site Management from the University of Cairo after having studied Islam at the Prestigious University of Al-Azhar for two years. Loyal to his religion, but believing himself to have a modernistic and intellectual view of what it meant to be Muslim, Hammed had met Jeanine in the third year of his program of building construction and supervision. She was a naive, young girl from the University of Kansas completing a six-month course at the University of Cairo in Modern Egyptian Anthropology. Jeanine's knowledge of the Arabic language was very much superior to her contemporaries, thus opening the way for to receive a very rare and coveted, hands-on experience at the University of Cairo.

Hammed had been enamored of Jeanine at first sight. To this bearded Arab, Jeanine's fair skin, red hair, and buxom curves were a temptation too provocative to resist. He went out of his way to impress Jeanine in the beginning. This played into Ella's fascination with all things Egyptian. Soon, these star-crossed lovers had married, believing that they were able to overcome such vast cultural barriers in the name of love. They had blind faith in some fictional ability that they somehow possessed to make their story end "happily ever after." They were young and naïve. Hammed had obtained permission to work in the United States. Soon the couple was on their way to a *normal* married life.

As many young couples do, They still believed that love conquers all and good always wins over the forces of evil. Foolishly they rushed into marriage, thinking that love would pave a golden road to success and happiness. They were not like the other fools, destined to fail. But as many young couples soon realize, an agreeable marriage takes more work in practice than in theory. Hammie would explain to his wife that any future children would naturally be Muslim since that was the religion of the father. She would try to explain that somehow the children would be left to choose religion for themselves, something that greatly agitated Hammed's sense of patriarchal dignity. The couple grew farther apart, something which Hammed could only explain by blaming his wife for not living up to her "wifely duties". After two miscarriages later and his wife's decent into lifelessness, Hammed still had not come to terms with the fact that there were going to be no children to carry on his name. There was going to be no "family."

Hammed turned to speak to his wife, "Listen, Jeanine, I know I have been busy on the Gunderson contract, but it just not right for a married couple to get along the way we do. I know I hurt you very badly a few days ago, but it time to get over it. After all, I am still a man with desires that need to be fulfilled," Hammie tried to plead his case in his harsh Arabic accent.

Jeanine must still be giving Hammie the silent treatment. She'd been this way for several days. "What a cold, bitch," Hammie thought as she just lie there with a stupid blank look on her face, completely ignoring everything he was trying to

explain.

“Hey, Woman, are you going to say anything?”

Still, she remained adamant in her indignation towards Hammie, not saying a word. Hammie felt the anger from several days prior returning. “Damn you, Woman, if you will not perform your wifely duties of your own accord, I have a right to just take what I need,” he threatened in a more sinister voice.

Whatever had happened in the days before had taken the life out of Jeanine. She just lay there. “That’s it! I tried to be nice about the whole thing,” Hammed bellows.

Hammie took what he wanted, what he needed to satiate his manly lust. Jeanine no longer even tried to resist, making Hammed wonder if she was finally beginning to understand that he was *the* man and she was the woman. She was to obey her husband.

Hammed made one final attempt to elicit some sort of response from this lifeless corpse that was his wife. “Well, I’m off to work. See you to night, Love Muffin.”

Jeanine was just as cold and silent as ever, eyes just staring blankly into space the same way she had done when Hammed had violently mounted her as a wild buck in rut. “You better get attitude adjustment, Woman,” and with that, Hammed was off to work shortly after 4:00am.

“*Attitude adjustment*” was a phrase Hammed had picked up from Melvin Morderstein, co-supervisor of Pazzo Corp.’s latest downtown project. Hammed had learned quite a few crude expressions from his work buddy, and Melvin took great pleasure in showing his protégée the nuances of the “American Way.”

Melvin Morderstein was a man’s man, hardened by years of construction labor. But the stress of coordinating the jackhammer operations of Pazzo Corp’s latest demolition project was wearing even the rugged 40-year-old man very thin. The foundation clearance was already over 2 weeks behind schedule. To make matters worse, Jack Felson, site manager, was not giving Melvin the authority he needed to hire on some decent men.

When Melvin had started working for Pazzo Corporation, the old Italian guard hired real men and kept things *in the family*. Melvin was a German, but a stout, hard worker—and the Pazzo’s respected that. Mel had worked his way up the ladder through good old-fashioned sweat and tears. If these bums tried to pull the shit they do now, back then, the Pazzos would have put them in a concrete slab after they worked their skull over with a jackhammer. But the way things got done in the old days had passed away. Since the IPO, out-of-touch CEO’s and stockholders called the shots. Corporate bigwigs felt a need to initiate a diversity program to change the Mafioso impression that many people held towards the Italian-owned Pazzo Corp. This led to the hiring of Hammed, not a bad acquisition. Melvin had a natural disdain for the haughty higher-ups that seemed like they were always rubbing their education in Melvin’s face. Luckily, Hammed was not of the typical mold of degree-holders within Pazzo Corp’s hierarchy. Since Hammed was the butt of Melvin’s jokes and sarcasm more often than not, Melvin was able to accept Hammed. Hammed knew he was not accepted as an equal, let alone a superior, within the company. Although he kept his resentment to himself, he often let his wife know that he blamed her because “if they were in Egypt, he would be respected as a man is to be respected.”

Melvin’s real men had been gradually downsized through a series of lay-offs, benefit reductions, and buy-outs—the plan of some Harvard-educated egghead to save millions of dollars in labor costs. But, of course, when any of their stupid ideas did not work out, the guy on the bottom was always to blame. This was one of those times.

Melvin, and now Hammed, had to deal with the influx of day-laborers—a band of drug addicts, alcoholics, and degenerates. They quit on a regular basis, did not know their rear ends from a hole in the ground, and were pathetically feeble in a general sense. Melvin’s pleas for some real men had fallen upon deaf ears—too expensive. The grind of dealing with these misfits was gradually driving Melvin and Hammed over the edge.

A little after 5:00am, Hammed sat in his high backed chair almost vacantly staring at the sprawled papers of the construction itinerary. He let out a big sigh as he reached for a now cold cup of coffee. This was an impossible task--6 weeks of work completed in 3 weeks with a merry band of crackheads! They’d just kill crackheads in Egypt, chop their worthless heads off. But Hammed had to coddle them everyday just to wheedle what little work he could out of them. Just before the impulse to throw everything from the desk overtook Hammed’s senses, in came Melvin with two hot cups o’ joe.

“Well, Hammed, the shit birds should be coming soon,” Mel stated as he handed Hammie the hot Styrofoam cup.

Melvin noticed the dark stubble on Hammed’s face and a peculiar odor. This was very unlike his foreman who always came to work clean-shaven with crew-cut hair. Hammed had been very meticulous about hair grooming and appearances, trying so hard to fit in with the customarily respectable ways of higher-class Americans. “Rough night,” Melvin asked in concern for his friend.

“Yeah. Me and Jeanine got into fight last night. I just do not understand that woman no more, Melvin. She won’t talk to me now.”

Melvin tried to mollify the situation a bit, “Well, Hammie, women can just be that way from time to time. God knows, you’re under a lot of pressure, right now. We all are.”

“Yeah, I know. But lately she is no more taking the effort to keep herself clean. She is just letting herself go to hell. I do not

know what to do. She won't even leave the bedroom no more," Hammed explained, feeling some relief at having a listening ear for his domestic problems.

Melvin looked at Hammed and thought that was the kettle calling the pot black, but just tried to avoid drawing any embarrassing attention to how unkempt Hammed looked, as well. "Hammie, she's probably depressed. She'll get over it. You know how women are. Give it time. Just ignore it for a while and keep doing what you normally would do."

"Maybe," Hammed acknowledged. "But she got no reason to be depressed. I do her good all the time. She insult all I do for her if she want to be depressed. Many women in Egypt would be so happy to have man like me."

"You'll be fine. She'll get over it. Anyway, let's see what the circus has brought to town for today."

"Labor Source called, say they sending in a few new guys," Hammed said, getting back to the topic of work.

"Great," Melvin says as he rolls his eyes.

At 5:30am the next day, Melvin arrives with his usual two cups of hot coffee. Strangely, Hammed has not yet arrived. This is *very* unusual. Hammed was *always* early and *never* missed work. Just as Melvin whipped out his mobile phone to make a call to see what was going on, Hammie pulls up in his company pickup. As he clicked the headlights off and stepped out of the white Ford 250, Melvin was surprised to see just how haggard his coworker's face was looking. He was worse than the day before. How had Melvin not recognized just how bad Hammed was getting? Things were busy, but something was definitely wrong with Hammed.

"Hey there, Hammie, I thought I was gonna have to deal with the goof troops alone, today," Melvin tried to make light in spite of his obvious apprehension about Hammed's deteriorated condition.

"Sorry, Mel," Hammed somberly responded.

"No worries. You all right, Hammie?"

"It's Jeanine. She just so cold to me lately."

"Hammie, you just gotta give women some space, sometimes."

"Space? By time I get home, she already in bed. She do not even try to get up to see me off to work or clean house anymore."

"I'm sure she'll come around in a week or two. Just give her some time, Ham Bone."

"Maybe you right," Hammed softly conceded.

The next day, Hammed was on time as usual, clean shaven, and looking like his old self. He was even whistling and humming some Arabic folk tune. He had unquestionably perked right up.

"Well, it look's like someone's feeling better today," Melvin said as he handed over the coffee.

"Guess so."

"Well, what happened? You look like someone who just got some good old-fashioned lovin' last night," Melvin pried for a good story.

Hammed grinned. "Guess I did, Mel. Is it so obvious?"

"Yup."

"I think things are going to be okay. You know, last night when I get home, I say to myself enough of this shenanigans, daddy is going to get him some poot-nannie," Hammed explains with a healthy dose of braggadocio trying to imitate how Melvin and the rest of the crew workers would talk. Hammed felt *cool* when he thought he was speaking like an *authentic* American.

"I'm listening," Melvin goaded him on for more details.

"Well, I nuzzle up to Jeanine, you know, real smooth. At first, she just lay there cold, eyes staring blankly into space. But after I warm her up a bit, she cannot resist my manhood."

"You old dog," Mel teases Hammie with a wink and a playful elbow nudge.

"Let me tell you, Mel, she let me do *everything* last night."

Melvin grinned. Mel always found hearing a "dirty" story to be great entertainment. "Well, let's see if we can get the dodo birds to do anything today."

It had been a little over two weeks since Max had been buried. Hundreds of officers from around Georgia came to pay their respects. Max Malone had been given one 21 gun salute before and after interment. Though they had only been partners for little over six months, Kenny was given the duty of making the final words. Tears came to his eyes, and he had to stop for a pause here and there, but he did not cry. Kenny refused to cry. He knew that the risks in police work were real, but he had always envisioned the "good guys" winning in the end. Good prevailing over the criminal elements of evil. Max's death was not *supposed* to be in the storyline. They were going to be "good cop and bad cop," rounding up the real bad guys. Kenny was the young gun, the "good cop." Max was supposed to be the grizzled vet, old school, playing the role of "bad cop."

Max had been a solitary man, that was certain. He had long lost contact with his two sons. Max had not always been as level-headed. Max had a spotless record over the past 11 years, but previously there were some rough patches. Time off for bouts of alcoholism, rumors of domestic violence during his bitter divorce, an incident of sexual harassment, and more than one case of investigations into allegations excessive force. Nothing had ever been severe enough to be career-ending, until the day he got out on the ledge.

The rookie, Kenny T. Glenn, had been assigned to summarize the events of Max Malone’s murder when he had come across the “Rape Train” case that Max had been investigating. Max had accumulated thousands of pages of information about a cult calling themselves the “Maximum Radicals” out of Ottawa, Canada. They were allegedly a group of internet stalkers that used subversive mind control and harassment techniques to drive victims into suicidal mass murders. All these references to MK Ultra, Mind Raping, and Task Force 121, it was insane. Apparently, they had been harassing Sissy Gatlin for quite some time and Max had been investigating for her.

Then there was the strange post it note Max had left on his desk the very same day of his murder. It simply said, “Is Myra the leader of the youtube rape train pushing Crazy Jimmy, aka CubeDestroyer2013, to the point of no return? Are they talking to Mike?” And hundreds of pages of documentation relating to the online activities of online internet threats being made by a mentally ill man out of Ottawa, Canada. Once again, Ottawa. In all of Max’s file folders under the label “Rape Train”-*Ottawa*. Always the common denominator. Why?

Kenny was close to dismissing the whole “Rape Train” file as one of Max’s irrelevant side projects, a police favor to a friend. Then came along the babbling madman and his reference to the “Rape Train.”

It is now lunchtime. Hammed and Mel are seated in the trailer-office to have a bite to eat. Hammed is just getting ready to bit into his man-sized hero sandwich when the doors suddenly burst open. A mouthful of grape juice spews from Melvin’s mouth, “What the hell,” he yells.

“Drop the sandwich and put your hands up. NOW!”

Police officers have guns drawn straight away pointed in Hammed’s direction. With more than a few gun barrels jammed in his face, Hammie was in no position to resist. The squad had him handcuffed and zip-tied his legs with plastic bands.

Hammed stammered, “What is this about?”

A plains clothes detective flashes his badge. “So why’d you do it, Mr. Akbar-al-Sadat?”

“Do what?”

“You know damned well what you did to your wife.”

“What did she tell you?”

“Ha. What did she *tell* us? You are one smart-ass son of a bitch, aren’t you?”

Hammed appears genuinely confused. The best he can muster is a weak, “Huh? Me no understand.”

“I think the *stink* told us all we needed to know, you sick bastard. You are one sick and twisted individual. You ignorant son of a bitch, you choked your wife to death with an electrical cord and left the rotting body in your bed for over two weeks. If her boss hadn’t called to get the café’s keys back, who knows how long you would have left her there. Good Lord, why in the hell would you just leave her there like that for so long? *And* what in god’s name did you do to that poor dog? What in the fuck is wrong with your head?”

Hammed began to giggle. It was a senseless twittering, the point of no return. He was in too deep to turn back now. “Toot. Toot,” Hammed barely got out through all the snorts and chuckles.

“‘*Toot, toot.*’ What the hell does that mean, you psycho?”

Hammed had drool coming from his thick Arabic lips as his eyes rolled into the back of his head. “In her *tooter*. The bitch took a ride on the *rape train*. Toot, toot, toot...”

Liars

(A Poem. The *last entry* into Jeanine’s *journal*.)

Some “*people*” would say damn near anything to get what they want.

They only see “*love*” in terms of a childish treasure hunt.

It’s easy to repeat trite old phrases heard on daytime soaps.

Spoken to the naive, these words build the foundation of false hopes.

Praying for a life higher and more noble than had been known,
they put aspirations in this dream called a “Healthy, happy home.”

They wish to believe so mightily in this possibility
that the dream could actually “be for me,” proscribed in some sort of divine destiny.

Dreamers, awaken, open your eyes!

To get their desires via you, they seek with any words they can devise.

LIES! LIES! LIES!

Why do they tell me these goddamned lies?

Why do they not seek their own kind?

Why do they defile all divine?

For the sake of something so vain,

they without mercy leave the victim in eternal pain—
always to doubt, always to fear, never to believe again.
To twist a heart for gain, what can be a greater sin?
They always doubt they got something to offer to keep a heart so near,
so they seek to say what they think you would want to hear.
They see the weakness that you have to seek with your heart,
so they capitalize with flowery words and tear your world apart.
Dreamers, awaken, open your eyes!
The False can only offer to entice with their sweet-sounding lies,
knowing that you don't really want *what they truly are*.
They come in vampire leaches and leave their blood-sucking scar.
Damn the LIARS that use “love” as a means to an end.
To hell they is where I would send.

THE NEXT LEVEL

Jimmy Van Stricken had always *loved* playing video games. Or maybe they were just a place he hide from the cruel outside world. In his world of violent online shooting sprees, Jimmy could feel *power*. Bang, bang, bang. He was in *control*. If you died in the video games, you could just come back to life. You could just *reload*. Jimmy had been a somewhat quiet and withdrawn kid until *the* fateful day, so much so, that he was often described by others as “*weird*”. The proverbial *weird*--nobody knows exactly what it means until after the fact. An ambiguous term that you can never quite put your finger on--he was just “weird.” But any observer of Jimmy could tell that his rage had been percolating for quite some time.

In the world of ordinary day to day life, Jimmy was an insignificant, a nobody. Or at least that is how he felt deep within himself, dark, secretive, a place where a resentment against the world silently seethed. A beast raged within young Jimmy. This beast was angry and frustrated, almost to the point of passionate rage, yet, for many years, Jimmy had managed to keep the beast hidden behind the mask of his outward persona. Outwardly, Jimmy remained monotone, a constant state of emotional flatline, an effort to keep the ravenous beast hidden from outside observers. Conversations between Beast and Jimmy were confidential. Jimmy *knew* the world not understand, could not understand. Jimmy knew he was the only person who *did* understand—Jimmy was a hero in a sea of blindness, but he knew it was all just part of the “*game*”.

Jimmy loved playing video games. *This* new game was the best. He would win and advance to the NEXT LEVEL. This is where the world always interjects with the redundant commentary, “We just don't understand,” and a million bystanders chime in, “We should have seen it coming.” And all the experts put in their two cents worth, yet nobody sees it until after the fact. The amateur, pea-brained gumshoes will devise their own personal superfluous explanations for “Crazy Jimmy.”

Way back in 2002, the Internet was still a baby angel, stretching forth her wings for the first time. The cherubim of mankind's intellectual devising were opening their eyes, viewing the dawn of man's new age in connected consciousness--A Legion of Interconnectedness! And at this very time, Jimmy was a typical Canadian child. He loved sports, especially baseball. He played first base for his local little league team. He collected baseball cards. By default of examining those cards over and over, he knew something about nearly every player in the Major Leagues. Jimmy's parents knew he wasn't quite like the other kids, but they did their best to socialize him. The did their best to integrate him into the normal world. Jimmy would go on camping trips, do things with the local Cub Scouts. At this point, Jimmy still had friends. He *was* sociable, but more importantly he was not afraid to be alive--yet. These were the days before the sickness had set in too deep. The days before the longwinded ,irrational and convoluted, tirades about “Luciferians” trying to “rape his mind.” The days before racist rants centered on themes of numerology and “non-white homosexual agendas.”

Jimmy and his best friend in those more idyllic days, Solomon, were out and about riding their bikes to a good little fishing hole. Maybe it wasn't that *idyllic*, just less completely fucking insane. These were the days when baseball cards, riding bikes, and fishing were good things in life. For Jimmy, these were the days before drugs and the Internet. Old Man Wilbur saw the boys riding by and he waved to them. The boys waved back, though Solomon's wave was half-hearted at best. Old Man Wilbur always called the duo “Jommy and Salami”. Jimmy thought that this was quite funny—“Salami” did not.

There were some birds chirping in the trees, a dog woofing in the distance. The clouds were so fluffy and nice today. Jimmy thought one cloud looked just like a dragon and another looked like a sword moving towards the dragon. “Hey, Solomon, look at that cloud. It looks just like a--”

The screaming shrieks of car brakes and a loud crash.

Everything seemed silent like the volume on life had just been complete turned off. It was as if *life* had been turned completely off. Life had become a movie played in slow motion. That surreal sensation of perceiving life in slow-motion--Jimmy never forgot that.

To a slow stop, the head came rolling along the black asphalt, not smooth like a bowling ball or baseball may roll, but more flippity-flop. Right at the front wheel of his chrome Huffy bicycle, *it* lay. Jimmy's awestruck eyes followed a crimson line, not

a solid line; it was more of a macabre Morse code with various dots and dashes. Jimmy was choking, dry heaving--but nothing would come up. His eyes felt blistered.

At the end of the line, the damned bloody line, the vision of a small blue car and red Ford pickup smashed together. When the acrid smell of burnt brake dust and burning oil and fuming antifreeze hit Jimmy's nose, sound and time came back to *normal*—Crazy Jimmy never did.

Before the accident, Jimmy had been a gifted student, well-liked, well-behaved, and even happy at times. He had always been a quiet kid. After the accident, he was perceived more often as *weird* than shy. Without warning, as suddenly as a lightning flash, Jimmy's *weirdness* was solidified. At the end, he would break out of his shell of silence, as the radical delusions about how "everyone was trying to convince him to commit suicide" emerged. Not too long after, he would solidify his new reputation with his maniacal alter ego, "Crazy Jimmy." Forever he would be known as the notorious "Crazy Jimmy."

Jimmy lifted his groggy head and looked at the radiant red numbers of the alarm clock. Damn! It was 11:11 am, he had missed his class, and with that, English 102 had been failed--too many absences this semester. Now no credit hours could be granted regardless of any personal merits of *ability*. There were rules that everyone had to learn to conform to, no matter how *gifted* or *special*. He should have just withdrawn before the deadline, that way it would not have been a blemish on his permanent record. Too late for that. Too late for anything. Jimmy's world was imploding. The forces of evil had taken over his life. He was in too deep. There was no turning back now. He had ruined his perfect 4.0 GPA, and with that, his entire life.

"So what," Jimmy indignantly mumbled to himself as he reached for a handful of pills. The Fanapt were losing their potency. He needed more than he could find. All the drugs were failing. They were not strong enough to push the soul raping demons out of his brain. The voices *mocked* him constantly.

Jimmy hated his English professor, and probably for a good cause if the truth be told. Professor Henry, a meticulous black man in his early fifties, made it a point to make everything difficult. Henry would prattle on about the hardships and obstacles that he had faced--this philosophy of hardship underlining everything the professor did: Life is tough and merciless and *never* fair. He carried himself with a militaristic demeanor, like an old grizzled drill sergeant. Henry was a bitter man. *And* he did, indeed, take pleasure at witnessing other's fail and struggle, especially his young students. Every dog has his day, though.

Professor Henry had been in the military. But he would never reveal his dirty little secret--the real reasons or circumstances behind his dishonorable discharge. Henry was, in reality, a joke and a pretender. Jimmy knew it, too. As crazy as Jimmy was, he could be keen observer of others when he focused his mind. Maybe that is what really irked Henry the most--knowing that someone could see through his facade. Why would such a distinguished, erudite professor of linguistics be teaching at some bumpkin community college when he could, with such prestigious qualifications, be the Dean of Harvard? Perhaps, a four star general even.

It was too late to worry about grades. Jimmy chewed some small blue pills and crushed some other oddball ones on a plastic CD case of a Rolling Stones album. From the disarray on the side table, he found a dollar bill to roll up for a sniffin' straw. Sniff!--He took 4 Prozac's up his vacuum-cleaner nose. "Yeah. That hits the spot, dude," he said aloud to no one as he rubbed his nose. He tossed a few more Fanapt into his head. The demons were screaming, "Kill the nigger, Jimmy!" Over and over, the demons would not stop antagonizing Crazy Jimmy.

Jimmy licked the CD case to make sure that none of the precious chemical dust went to waste. He started to laugh, slowly at first then mounting into the realm of idiotic. The potion was hitting his brain full blast. It was now time for "Paint it Black" by the Rolling Stones. Jimmy hit play and set the repeat button. The song would now play repeatedly, over and over, just like Jimmy liked it. This time, he would not sit in his dark room playing Call of Duty for hours on end. This time he was taking this shit all-out Level 121! Jimmy was getting hyped up. He smashed a half-empty beer bottle on the corner of the bed. A long shard of brown glass landed beside him. He picked it up, thinking to drive the sharp sliver straight into his very own neck. "PAINT IT FUCKING BLACK," Jimmy bellows out "One two one is the only way to escape the mind rape! One two one forever!"

He leans into his vanity mirror, scratching the reversed image of the word "BLACK" into his forehead. He gouges little cuts into his thighs and chest and stomach. Jimmy's eyes roll—he grins and knows he will have to wear his long-sleeved, black turtle-necks from here on out. Definitely, he will have to pull his Batman stocking cap down to cover the cuts in his forehead. The time is near.

The good looking, young man is intently tapping away at the keyboard of computer terminal Number 6 in the campus library of Clearview Community College. The library has free Internet access for enrolled students and Jimmy's iPhone service has been disconnected. The library is the one place twenty-year-old Jimmy feels safe and at home. This is an environment that he can comprehend. It is orderly here, peaceful. He loves it at the college library. He reads for hours. The anxiety attacks never come to him when he is at Clearview. This is where he developed his theory of "Multi-dimensional Fractals" that nobody understood, not even Jimmy. This is also where Crazy Jimmy mired himself in esoteric studies of Nazism for hours on end.

Since the *accident*, episodes of panic and crippling fear have derailed Jimmy's once promising academic career. Afraid of the outside world, he reclusively hid away in his bedroom. A prison-world in his parent's house, he turned to reading and

video games to alleviate the pain of going stir-crazy in his self-imposed isolation. Jimmy Van Stricken fell farther away from the dangerous reality of the outside world, living more and more each day in his self-created world of imagination and fantasy--a world where Jimmy was all-powerful and, more importantly, *safe* because *he was in control*.

Jimmy typed his message to “Butterfly_Grl_187”. He had been writing to her on and off for several months as part of an online forum for Clearview students to meet and interact and become involved with student issues. That was the school’s idealist promotional slogan, not necessarily the practical application of the chat room groups. Reality more closely resembled horny young kids trying to find sex partners, parties, drugs, and so forth. But, nevertheless, *occasionally* there were actual conversations about studies, political issues, and friendship.

Jimmy’s parents and long-standing psychologist since the *accident*, Dr. Wellington, were pleased with the young man’s recent turn for the better. Even after their divorce, Nancy and Paul tried to work together in the best interest of their son. Eight months ago, none of what was now happening in Jimmy Van Stricken’s life seemed even remotely possible. Not a single one of the antidepressants or anti-anxiety pills really had the desired results. The pills had toned down the boy’s behavior a bit, but none were a cure-all. The underlying problems continued, at best, diminished but always-present and susceptible to flare ups under certain *stressors*. Then a new clinical trial for a new cocktail drug, a combination of several drugs, came out. The results were promising in limited short-term clinical trials, so Dr. Wellington recommended this new line of treatment. Skeptical at first, Jimmy’s exasperated parents thought anything was worth a try. The Fanapt potion seemed to be working. It was a miracle.

In only two short weeks, Jimmy was a *normal* kid again! Out of complete despondency and pessimism, Jimmy had decided that he wanted to go to college. He started wearing colors other than his typical, gloomy black attire. But it was his eyes--they were the most different now. They were no longer downcast and almost empty. Jimmy looked people in the face. His eyes were brighter, softer, even if they were sometimes just a bit too alert, almost buggy.

Enthusiastically wanting to proceed full-steam-ahead, the almost metaphorical trinity that ruled Jimmy’s life, mom, dad, and doctor, convinced Jimmy to just try three classes to see how things went. They had concerns about how the new environment and pressures could affect Jimmy’s state of mind. He excelled and thrived, receiving perfect 4.0’s in History 101, Algebra, and English Literature, the standard prerequisite classes that were transferable credits to four-year universities. It was not much work for a kid as intelligent as Jimmy could be sometimes.

All those years of isolated time spent reading had made Jimmy more brilliant than any outside observer could have ever known. He loved the praise and accolades that academic success brought to him. He began to feed off the admiration. In no uncertain terms, Jimmy was a *caliber* of student and intellect never found at the level of an ordinary community college. These kinds of minds were almost always identified early on, somehow Jimmy just had not been noticed for what he really was. Especially at Clearview, Jimmy was very special and unparalleled--a poster boy for schizophrenia, *they* would later say. A poster child for “Crazy.”

Several weeks into his third semester at Clearview Community College, Jimmy was taking well over a full-time schedule of classes. Everyone felt that Jimmy could easily handle the load, as his perfect 4.0 grade-point-average attested to. There was really no pressure for Jimmy. He already knew the lessons, so class was as simple as making an appearance. Now out of his shell of isolation, Jimmy had a lot of free time to learn about something very new and foreign to him--love and infatuation. Later on, *they* would say he learned a lot about insane obsession and stalking. Crazy Jimmy the special nutcase, the stalker, the *freak*.

Solomon is strolling along with Jimmy.

Jimmy looked over to his buddy, Sol, and asks, “How can you not be sweating in this heat?”

“Well, you know, I *am* a bit different than you, James.”

Waves of heat radiated upwards from the sidewalks and black asphalt of the city’s streets. It was hot and muggy. The thick air trapped the automobile exhaust making this July day particularly suffocating.

As he made his way to class at the Tech Center, Jimmy Van Stricken had a conversation with Solomon about what it meant when Judas returned the 30 pieces of silver. Solomon explained to his childhood friend that giving back the money did not erase Judas’s guilt. He had betrayed perfect love just like Jimmy’s Butterfly. The summer course on nanotechnology was the most difficult class that Jimmy had ever taken. Things were not just coming to him with ease. This was hard work and mentally straining. It required intense focus and concentration. Final exams were today. Jimmy was secretly taking more pills than directed by his prescription. He needed more pills to suppress the anxiety, but he refused tell anyone how he was feeling inside. School was no longer “fun.” Jimmy was no longer even the best student. He felt he was sinking farther and farther into mediocrity. He felt he knew why.

Jimmy had never felt this way before. He was excited and scared--not scared as in the way of times before when Solomon had his head knocked off, but as a boy going on a first date with a girl. He examined himself meticulously in the mirror. He sighed. Jimmy did not feel as if he looked perfect, but this was his best effort. Brand-new clothes, haircut, groomed fingernails--

-he *hoped* that he was good enough. Secretly, he knew he wouldn't be. How dearly he wanted to impress "Butterfly_Grl_187." Somehow, he just knew in his guts how the story was going to end.

Jimmy could not know how she would react at first sight of him, but he expected to disappoint her, if not tonight, eventually. Tonight, they would meet in person for the first time ever. The voices that told Jimmy that he was a feeble, ineffective nobody were relatively quite this evening. He knew they would return eventually, calling him all sorts of terrible names. Gay. Homo. Racist. *Crazy*...

He had become particularly attached to this girl that he had never met in real life. Being a loner, the person with the screen name "Butterfly_Grl_187" became the embodiment of everything that seemed to be missing in Jimmy's life. He never envisioned her as a real person with faults or imperfections. With his immature, childish perspective of what "love" was supposed to be, Jimmy had set himself up for nothing but eventual and certain disappointment. No person can ever live up to an imaginary ideal. Jimmy would come to hate her and desire to punish her for not living up to the high standards of *his* fantasy. In a few short hours, he would always see her as having failed him, disappointing him, not living up to what she was "supposed to be".

Ring...Ring...Ring.

"Damn it, Jimmy, I know this is you calling me."

There was only creepy heavy breathing and panting on the other end of the line.

"This is why I don't ever want anything more to do with you. YOU'RE FLIPPIN' CRAZY, JIMMY!"

The line disconnects. Static.

A cordial female voice interrupts the silence: "If you'd like to make a call, please hang up and try again."

Ring...Ring...Ring...Ring...Ring...Ring.

"What?!"

"Hello, my dear butterfly baby. Is something wrong?"

"Don't play stupid, Jimmy. I've got caller ID, you idiot. Oh, I forgot, you're not *playing* stupid, you *are* stupid. It's your fucking number on the caller ID, idiot."

"Baby, I don't understand what--" The phone is slammed to the receiver, the line disconnected.

Ring.

"Fuck you!" Crash. Disconnect.

Ring.

"Leave me alone. I hate you." Crash. Disconnect.

Ring...Ring...Ring.

"I'm *soooo* calling the police *and* my new boyfriend is going to kick your dumb retard ass."

Now there was only silence on his side.

"What, Jimmy, you run out of crybaby stories? I talked to your mom *and* your dad. You never had a friend named Solomon. *And* he was never killed in an accident, *because* he never existed. You're a piece of manipulating shit, Jimmy. You're fucked in the head, you goddamned liar *and* I know about all your online stalking, too."

The sound of the phone crashing down on the receiver is heard through Jimmy's earpiece. Static.

Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Busy signal.

"Damn, the nano-bots got to *my* Butterfly Baby, too."

Jimmy sits in silence and darkness for hours listening to a busy signal and plotting the next move. Something had to be done. Somehow, "*non-white people*" had corrupted the woman he loved. It was all just a part of their sick plan to make him kill himself. That's what they *all* wanted. They all wanted "Crazy Jimmy" to kill himself so they could all sit back and have a good hearty laugh about it. The sick bastards! His pain was their entertainment.

"Listen to me, James. I'm not sure what is going on with you. God knows, you used to be one of my best students. Some of your ideas were simply brilliant, groundbreaking."

"*But* it's true," Jimmy says pleadingly, almost whiningly, yet still just as unconvincingly.

Professor Malcolm Lucern shook his head slightly and tried very hard to *not* make eye contact. "You disappointed us *all*, James. We all trusted you. Whatever the point was that you were trying to make, it was *not* well taken. You did succeed in making me look like a damned fool if that's any consolation to you," the professor said sarcastically.

The words Professor Lucern spoke just faded away. Jimmy was not sure why nobody would believe him. The thesis and his painstaking research had proven the existence of nano-sized robots in creamed wheat. If creamed wheat, what else? Inter-dimensional reptilians were out to destroy him through holographic fractal manipulations. The public at large was in grave danger in Jimmy's estimation. No person could be trusted now. Not anyone at all. The circle was closing.

The voice in Jimmy's head continued to ramble on. "Jimmy, listen to me, killing innocent people is wrong. Killing anyone is wrong. Killing yourself in the process is wrong." Jimmy tried to ignore the voice. It just wanted him to fail and then *they* would

all laugh again.

Jimmy was now more determined than ever. He knew that he had deciphered the great mystery of life. He knew that the reality that everyone lived was just an illusion. Life was a giant virtual reality labyrinth. He knew that the command center of this video game was observing his every move. *They* were just like the NASA control station with technicians and program assistants monitoring how he played the game. He deciphered the meaning of “Level 121.” Why had *they* chosen to plug Jimmy into this video game?

Jimmy knew. It was brilliant of *them*, he thought. They masked his memories of his previous life that had existed in the future. It was a grand psychological research project. He was the first test subject of a new super video game that was so realistic that it seemed just like having a real life.

The in his head spoke again. It was a husky female voice, very beautiful and soothing. “Can you hear me, Jimmy? Can you see the light?”

Jimmy tried to speak, but the words came out all mumbled. The nano-bots must already be flowing through his blood, attacking his brain. He felt dizzy. A terrible headache came. Everything went black.

Magically, Jimmy is transported instantaneously to the halls of Clearview Community College. He recognizes the place distinctly. He is outside professor Henry’s English class. It was hot and stuffy. Jimmy’s legs feel heavy. Why was he wearing a trenchcoat?

Instinctively, he enters into the classroom. it’s like he has become a character in a video game and someone else is at the controls. Everything is slow motion, again. Jimmy’s eyes pan the room. It is silent. His eyes stop and make contact with Christie, his Butterfly_Grl_187. Jimmy flings open the long, black coat. The guns are revealed. His AR-15 assault rifle is locked and loaded. It is time to go to the NEXT LEVEL.

“I am a fucking hero! What’s up, Salami?!”

Exploding meat, blood, and bullets fly. 223 casings jingle as they cascade to the floor.

Jimmy opened his eyes. Something was pulling at his wrist. There is a curtain. People dressed in white. What is happening? Was this heaven? No. This was hell *maybe*? Jimmy felt an overwhelming dread. He had lost his soul. He knew somehow that he had been forsaken and handed over to the dark ruler of hell. There was no escape. A different kind of darkness was closing in on Jimmy, suffocating. It was a cold darkness.

“Jimmy, can you hear me? Can you see the light?” A bright light seems to blind Jimmy.

Somebody else spoke. A female voice. “His eyes are dilating.”

A man in blue appears with a shiny star on his chest.

“Jimmy you were just in a bad car accident. You were drugged up, drunk, tried to flee. I don’t know what to tell you, but you killed a boy riding his bike.”

“I’m sorry, Officer, but his brain is hemorrhaging and he has to get to the next level immediately for surgery or the swelling is going to kill him. He has two broken legs. We need the handcuffs removed...”

Jimmy’s eyes are rolling. The bartender has a tribal butterfly tattoo on her left tit. The Rolling Stones are blasting through the jukebox. A television new bulletin gives an update on the war in Iraq, baseball scores after commercial break. To Jimmy’s left, a young couple play the old arcade game, Pac Man. Pac Man is chomping pills. The ghosts get him. He loses. The girl giggles. The game is over. He inserts a new quarter.

Jimmy feels weird. Is he having a stroke or did someone drug his drink? He starts to pass out. How old is Jimmy? He can’t remember.

Jimmy opens his eyes. There is a severed head at the front tire of his bicycle.

The Strange Death of Kenny T. Glenn

Officer Kenny T. Glenn leaned back into the soft cushions of his easy chair. He meticulously polished the blue on his Smith and Wesson .500 as he contemplated the words of the lunatics. Did Kenny need the most powerful hand cannon on the planet for simple home defense? Maybe not, but his paranoia was growing like an uncontrollable cancer, eating away at his own sanity, as well.

“Crazy Jimmy” had painted the streets of Ottawa blood red in the worst massacre in Canadian history. Max Malone had been tracking this neo-Nazi lunatic’s suspected online harassment of Sissy Gatlin. Max and Sissy had been murdered. Then shortly thereafter the crazy Arab had murdered the waitress and fucked her rotting corpse for several weeks. The scenarios had been run through Kenny’s head a million times. He knew someone had his name and number, but who? There were just too many synchronicities. The coincidences defied the odds. Everyone that was going insane or being murdered was connected, but what

was the common link? The events that had transpired over the course of the past several months had to have been constructed by some sort of criminal genius “puppet master.” But who was pulling at the strings? Kenny knew he could *not* turn to anyone for help with this until he had concrete facts. They’d think he was losing his grip on reality, cracking under the stress. Who knows, maybe he did need a break. Anyone would start cracking under this sort of pressure. It didn’t seem as if there were just one person involved, but hundreds interconnected over the communicational lines of the internet trying to drive chosen Manchurian Candidates into acts of violence? For what purpose? That would be impossible. It had to be the work of one or two very dedicated criminal masterminds.

“*Looking for one special nutcase to take the shit to the next level.*” Those words repeated in Kenny’s head, day and night. The text message sent to his phone the day Max died. Sent exactly in the few seconds of free fall just before he had hit the ground. What had that random text message from the madman meant? Did it *have* any real meaning or was it just some convoluted bullshit from which only the killer could decipher any *real* meaning? It sounded like some sort David Berkowitz delusional bullshit in Kenny’s opinion.

That bat-shit crazy stalker, Mike Summer, must have hit the “SEND” button mid-air just before he had hit the concrete. How had he even gotten Kenny’s phone number anyway? Or perhaps, it was an automatic dialing program like the telemarketers used. His cell phone was allegedly too damaged to retrieve any information. But Kenny knew that *had* to be smoke and mirrors because the phone company had electronic records, too. But nobody could seem to get the authorization to view those records. That was Federal; they were just local yokels. The state-level boys weren’t getting any help from above since the Patriot Act. Kenny hated to be a conspiracy nutter, but something very strange was going down.

It had been a month since Max had been murdered. Then just a couple of weeks later, they had discovered Jeanine’s desecrated body and that poor dog. That’s when the crazy Arab had uttered those same words in the back seat of the squad car. “*They’re looking for one special nutcase to take the shit to the next level.*”

Who was *they*? Why were *they* looking for *nutcases* to provoke into random acts of violence? Kenny couldn’t get a straight answer out of the idiotic towel-head. He probably wasn’t even able to formulate a straight answer. It was obvious the man was suffering from a severe form of mental illness. He’d paced his cell like a caged animal for over 80 hours before the medical staff had to get court injunction to tranquilize him against his will. Apparently, *the next level* was some sort of reference to murder. Then just last night, he was found dead in his cell. He was *supposed* to be under close observation, yet had somehow managed to smuggle a razorblade into his cell?

Kenny was not going to just move on, let it go. Max had been his partner and friend. He would expect the same if it had been him who had fallen in the line of duty instead of Max. One cop to another cop, Max deserved that the truth about what had happened to be known. It had always been “good cop, bad cop” when they had to get down and dirty. Kenny was *good cop*. Max loved to play the radical, loose-cannon *bad cop*.

Only a very select few knew that the same phrase had been found scrawled in a notebook found in “Crazy” Jimmy Van Stricken’s bedroom after the massacre at Clearview. Three very surreal murder cases all linked by the same phraseology. There had to be more clues on the Internet, but Jimmy had destroyed his hard drive and so far computer forensics had not been able to recover any viable information. Or so *they* said publicly. Kenny was not computer expert, and it seemed no law enforcement agencies were tipping their hands about what pieces of this puzzle they might have. Something big was going down. Something unprecedented. This *crime*, whatever it was, had no laws written against it yet. Nobody knew that it could exist or how it worked. You could just see the aftermath, like the eye of a tornado. It’s only observable from a distance, through second hand information. Was it a human or a computer program on the internet convincing paranoid schizophrenics to commit murder? You couldn’t tell that to the general public, could you? News flash: random chat on social media sites brainwashes mentally unstable into committing acts of terrorism through trigger words and mind-manipulation techniques. That was sci-fi, MK Ultra conspiracy theory garbage. Any officer would lose his badge if he started pressing too hard in that direction. Most people wouldn’t understand Kenny’s theory even if they were computer savvy.

Kenny Glenn knew expecting any cooperation from out-of-state police agencies was like pissing in the wind. California had closed off the outside world since the DJ Downer shooting spree. The Northeast wouldn’t help you with a damn thing since the Hookville slaughter. It was happening everywhere, each state seemed to become increasingly more divided. Then came the ammunition shortages in recent weeks. Kenny T. Glenn was surly losing his grip and he knew it. Sad damn thing was he knew it was happening, but couldn’t do anything to stop it. He wished he could turn back the hands of time. Make it like he had never peeked behind the veil. It was too fucking intense. It was as they psychos had said, “a mind rape.”

Was the country in the preliminary stages of some kind of modern-day Civil War? The first battles already taking place in the cyber world, spilling out into the real world? A war for your brain. A war to use brainwashed “puppets” to wage acts of terrorism? The strange thing about Kenny’s investigation online was that everything relating to the three murder incidences came back in a loop, a closed circle. There seemed to be no arrow of time, but that the first event caused the second which caused the third. This was logical, but for the fact that the third event was also the primary initiator of the first event, which was impossible. It was impossible for event B to act retroactively in time to cause event A, but for all intents and purposes, this is exactly what Kenny’s mind was telling him had happened. His mind was also telling him that if he didn’t act soon, the

biggest mass murder in American history-to-date would happen. Whatever this event was, what ever this entity known as the “puppet master” was planning, it would make Oklahoma City and work of Timothy McVeigh seem like the teenage prank of a pop bottle full of Drano and tin foil. Kenny was starting to feel as if there were secret factions trying to provoke him into becoming the next *special nutcase to take the shit to the next level*. He had been researching this for weeks on the internet; he desperately needed some sleep.

Then came the email from Jayson Stolarick, Sissy’s brother from Chicago.

From: Jayson Stolarick
Chicago, Illinois

To: Kenny T. Glenn,
Atlanta, Georgia

Officer Glenn, you may or may not know who I am, but I have important information pertaining to the “Rape Train” conspiracy that destroyed my sweet sister’s life. I am Sissy Gatlin’s brother. I know you were Max Malone’s partner and I know the Maximum Radicals from Ottawa have scheduled you for Level 121 mind rape. They have hacked all of your accounts, your cell phone. Most likely any device with a camera has been ratted and they have observed your every move for quit some time. Beware! They are very, VERY dangerous. They mind raped Mike into murdering Sissy. They mind raped Jimmy into the Ottawa Slaughter. They mind raped Hammed into murdering and fucking Jeanine’s dead corpse. I go by the moniker “Jerry from Chicago” on the internet.

I know what you’ve been doing research on the internet, so I know you know about Sissy’s interest in James Holmes and his connection to “Temporal Illusions.” Over time, my sweet sister began to lose contact with reality and her bearings with time. She explained to me that she felt as if she was trapped in some sort of “Time Loop.” In the beginning, I dismissed her claims as yet another one of her frequent breaks from “reality.” As you may or may not know, she had several visits to the hospital psychiatric units for “evaluations.” She’s always claimed that there were unknown factions plotting her murder. These reoccurring and fantastically fanatical claims having lead to three previous failed marriages in which she claimed that her husband was conspiring with “new world order” factions or “alien entities” to bring about her demise. Then she began to make claims that Mike was involved with the gang stalking terrorist organization the Maximum Radicals. It seemed as if she was yet again making more psychotic allegations with her fourth husband, Michael. Needless to say, I did not take her seriously and dismissed her accusations as symptoms of her paranoid schizophrenia that would wax and wane throughout the years. Sadly, I was wrong. (Mind Rape Induction, Insert Here)

The “Maximum Radicals” out of Ottawa, Canada have thousands of social media accounts which they use to brainwash their selected victims. I believe Sissy had been originally targeted for her recent fascination with Temporal Illusions and time paradoxes. She had also come across information pertaining to Daniel Marion Mitchell’s book, *The Lords of 2112*, that had been written as NLP programming for Adam Lanza. The gang stalkers seek out a particular mindset and report potential Level 121 candidates to Mitchell. If he finds they are susceptible to further programming, the group commences the Mind Rape program as they call it. Surly, they have been gang stalking Sissy for many years and we all casually dismissed her as insane. Her claims seemed so unbelievable at the time. They must have gotten to Mike somehow and driven him to murder her and Max.

This is some form of sick psychological experiment as far as I have been able to figure out. Mitchell has conveyed a desire to create an urban legend which he calls “Trolley Rulling” a selected victim into mass murder. It basically involves harassing a person beyond the breaking point using social media to implement psychological terrorism. The Maximum Radicals see themselves as performing grandiose research in the realm of human psychology. The Stanford Prison Experiment, The Trolley Problem, The Milgram Pain Studies, MK Ultra, Ted Kaczynski, James Eagan Holmes, Jared Lee Loughner, Anders Breivik, Adam Lanza, gang stalking, neuro-linguistic programming, trauma-based mind control, Walsh Butt Rape--then the group met Daniel Marion Mitchell Jr. and under his tutelage became acquainted with an unknown level of sickness. Mitchell is fascinated with Doctor Josef Mengele, and when he found the Maximum Radical gang stalkers on youtube, they endeavored to create a new unfathomably horrific psychological experiment.

Mitchell had written a little-known book titled “*The Lords of 2112*,” which was claimed to be written to create Manchurian Candidate mass murderers out of any unfortunate reader. But this is not true, it was specifically directed to activate one particular person who was incited to extreme paranoia via years of online stalking and communications. This fanatical claim to being a mass-murder inducing NLP program was dismissed, even mocked, by most. This is until the apparent fulfillment of the claims when Adam Lanza went on his rampage. Surly, Mitchell’s genius would have to be recognized by the entire world--the first book in history to use neuro-linguistic programming in conjunction with informational-cascade gang stalking to induce a murderous rampage. And the pièce de résistance was that using NLP to induce mass murder or suicide was not against any known law in the entire world: Mitchell could never be prosecuted in any court of law! It was criminal genius and even though

the criminal author explained his plan, it was casually rejected. This is when Daniel Marion Mitchell Jr. came up with a new plan--he is determined to be glorified, he genius will be recognized, even if he has to become a "Level 121" martyr himself and seal his testimony in blood.

This sick and twisted man's newest plan involves sexualizing mass murder in the mind of his next victim in an attempt to create his own personal Hitler or Caligula. He now envisions himself as giving birth to the Great Antichrist so delusional has Mitchell become in the success of his online psychological experiments.

Here are but a few of the hundreds of letters that Mitchell and the Ottawa mind rapists have sent to Sissy, which she forwarded to Max and I. Obviously, Daniel Marion Mitchell, Jr. is a very sick and twisted individual and must be stopped, you even said so yourself, Officer Glenn. I am sending you as many of these insane letters as I can to assist in your investigation of "Daniel Marion Mitchell" and the Maximum Radical cult out of Ottawa, Canada.

Sincerely,

Jerry from Chicago

On Saturday, March 16, 2013 at 11:00 AM, "Daniel Mitchell" <thelordsof2112@yahoo.com> wrote:

Dear Mike,

Remember, don't tell Sissy about our conversations or plans for her.

In regards to the movie you sent me where the Mexicans cut up the other Mexicans: Mexicans are so stupid. You got to put the edge of the blade between the vertebrae and tap the backside of the knife with a rock or hammer. That separates the ligaments a lot more efficiently than this wack wack wack bullshit. It's kind of ineffective/inefficient killing, but there is some theatrics to the brutality of it all. First, you're hardening your young murderers and terrorists to the reality of a harsh job, get their stomachs toughened up. But also the dull knives are for the camera. The simple cap to the head would just be too simple, people wouldn't necessarily fear that as much. It's like crucifixion was as much a political statement as it was a means of execution. That's one thing about Mexicans, they've done some hunting, gutting out squirrels and rabbits, unlike soft city dwellers, so they can more easily transition that childhood butchering experience to this kind of work. They made a point, but for all the guns and drug money, couldn't they get a better camera? This could be fake, made by CIA or something, thus the low resolution. (Makes it easier for Hollywood special effects artists). It looks rough in the beginning, but you get used to it after awhile. You just turn off the weakness and go to a place where you're just cutting up another piece of meat. These are the hands-on guys, and then there's the guys that like the distance, i.e. snipers, bombers, etc. There was an old Viking philosophy that said if you couldn't look the man in his eyes before you killed him, then it was not a noble kill. This Mexican shit is amateur shit, nobody in Hollywood cares about this. Dime a dozen. You got to make the murder artistic in some sense, put some of that Andy Warhol shit on it, brother. This shit don't even make my nuts tingle, but I like female body more so. It seems kind of strange, but I think of male body as stinky where as female meat seems more "sweet." It is not about the literal scent though. I did notice them lazy fucks started wacking a bit more with the machete at the end than those dull fucking knives. Stupids, all they had to do was wedge the vertebrae apart, they are trying to chop through the bone like a fucking tree limb. I prefer seeing women get killed and chopped up though. Not bad, but not 5 star top gunner. Overall, 3 star, maybe 4 if we were at 720 resolution or higher. But send this link to our youtube fans, it will put them in a good frame of mind for further mind rape. :D LOL ha ha ha ha ha. Dude, this video was pretty graphic, so I do realize the challenge of creating the storyline and quality filming of the "Best Snuff Film Ever." That's a bold claim, not to be taken lightly. These stupid Mexican drug lords, you get over it emotionally. They're just killing other dirt bag drug dealers. I want something that sticks with them forever, makes them feel like "level 121 is the ONLY way to escape the mind rape." Feel me? It's got to make them so fucked up inside that they lose the will, give up the life force. We're ram fucking pure evil into their pia mater, we are jizzing blackness all over their grey and white matter. This project is about the sexualization of murder. Humans are motivated very strongly by the urge for sexual release/satisfaction, so The Lords of 2112 and the Black Dog Rising project is about tilling the soil of the mind for the process of sexualizing what we desire the subjects actions to be, in this case MK ultra style uprisings via NLP and unceasing stalking to stressor their mind way beyond the breaking point. See Green River Gary/Ted Bundy for prototypical examples of sexualization of killing versus fixation on body parts, ie fetishism.(Anus, mouth, feet, breasts, vagina, penis, so on). Now, I said to myself, "Self, how can I sexualize someone to orgasm at the sight of not just one victim, (a la ordinary sexual deviant sadist serial killer/rapist) but at the sight of many dead bodies, a la Adolf Hitler?" Things you can to gradually edge the subjects in said direction is heavily weighted in phraseology, I have discovered. For example, instead of saying "stabbing" we say "Stab Fucking" them to death. See how it now becomes sexualized? No worries, sadist murdering serial killers are not made over night, they are cultivated like potatoes. Remember how I drove Crazy Jimmy insane? LOL H ah ah ha ah ah ha ha. Later, bro. I hope you pay off, I've been investing a lot of time into showing you the way of mind rape and level 121ing someone. We are out of M.R. (mind rape) 101 and getting into the second year more advanced level techniques. ;)

Hugs n Kisses,

Daniel Marion Mitchell, Jr.

On Saturday, March 16, 2013 at 11:00 AM, "Daniel Mitchell" <thelordsof2112@yahoo.com> wrote:

Dear Sissy,

As usual, don't tell Mike what I am telling you. When we get the 100 monkeys, maybe this will set off an international phenomena. Level 121 mass killers everywhere and I will get the credit. I will get my GLORIFICATION!

Really, I am not that powerful without Lucifer inside of me. I am kind of timid until I allow Satan to take over the Temple, so to say. Then I am powerful, but it's a mindset really. It's like there are two of me inside this one Temple of flesh. Satan wants this temple to manifest his work in this realm, i.e. what you know as physical reality. (See "Letter to Editor" demon hunter manifesto that was published on Myspace for Adam to read. When his mom put him on Fanapt, he really thought they were going to swizzle his brain for real. Of course, I wrote the programming to frenzy his mind after the fact, but he was so far into the induction of temporal illusion by this time.) You have to let him in to get to level 121, as the book explains, there will be some flashing of lights. They are kind of like mini-seizures, but that means there is a re-wiring of the neuro-plasticity in your brain. The mind is so susceptible to suggestion. If you get to the weird mini-seizure, light-flashing or blind-spots-in-your-eyes phase, you are well on your way to Level 121. High blood pressure, migraines, intense stress and withdrawal symptoms are a good thing in this case. Trust me. This is what it takes to get your mind in "THE CLEAR" at level 120. Cutter ball is about swinging the sword, little bro. Because I am older and have killed more people, I call you little bro. Now you know the "Cutter Ball" means killing with knives and such, where as killing with guns is a different code phrase. (We have to speak in codes to some degree because of the borderline legalities of what we are instigating mentally ill people into doing.)

On Sunday, March 17, 2013 at 12:35 AM, "Daniel Mitchell" <thelordsof2112@yahoo.com> wrote:

Dear Sissy,

Don't tell Mike that I told you, but I sent him this letter. He'll be going crazy soon. With him out of the way, that will give us more time to *ride*, baby. That last letter was for him, really. I sent it to you by mistake. Sorry.

Remember that even though I hate whores and whorish behavior, I am no way suggesting that you are one of the whores I am sending one of my NLP-programmed killers to kill.

On to the video you wanted me to watch: I kept getting distracted by the cam whore ad on the side. She got a pretty meaty pussy. :D As for the Mexican movie...eh, seen all the shit before in the movie Casino. Robin Williams and Matt Damon already...wait, Joe Pesci and Robert DeNiro already done that, though they did not cut the head off, buried alive and it was maybe more gruesome spiritually in Casino, because Nikki Santoro had to watch his brother get beat to death first, very painful to realize that he wasn't such a good bro because he got his little bro beat to death. Brings a tear to me eye. :(Sad really. You got to pay the piper in the end, or the asshole. LOL you get beat to death or raped as old man in prison, better to finish things off level 121. This is why Ke\$ha told Adam Lanza to Die Young. (Well, that's what he thought she was saying to him with the help of the informational cascade the Maximum Radicals rammed into his Fanapt-addled brain.) What future would that skinny little boy had in prison if he would have surrendered? I wonder, really wonder, what he was thinking when the deluding spirit of power left the temple and he had to face what he (and his shadow) had done? I bet he was like "Oops". Later, bro. :) We are going to be famous, I can feel it. I keep forgetting who I am talking to. I meant to say, "We are going to be famous, little Sissy."

On Monday, March 18, 2013 at 8:21 PM, "Daniel Mitchell" <thelordsof2112@yahoo.com> wrote:

Dear Sissy,

Did I ever tell you about my dad from one of my other mind rape youtube accounts. I think I did, if you are the account I was thinking. Dad went to Vietnam and taught me that the world is full of evil "gooks", but gooks is allegorical. Don't be too literalistic, little bro. I speak in codes and parables, similar to my other bro Jesus. But we got into a disagreement a few years ago...Girlfriend got murdered n all, so I kind of went over to the "dark side." Anyway, dad taught me to kill cats to toughen me up in case I had to ever go to war. He didn't want me to be so weak that a stupid "gook" would kill me if I hesitated. An experienced killer don't hesitate. The first kill is the hardest, bro. We cut the legs of the cat off and I rammed sticks into the stubs and called her "Peggy" (Peg Leg, Get it. Ok, dad was the one calling her Peggy, but I thought it was funny so I say I thought it up.) Sometimes, we'd light them on fire with starting fluid...it was easy cause I didn't like cats. It was when he killed my dog that I learned the true meaning of emotional sacrifice. Now, I ask this sort of kinship with you my little bro. I want you to give me some info on the girl, not chrissy. I like the other one, you know who, the queen, and NOT that fucking shank queen bitch. She's gutter trash, time will kill her more harshly than chop suey rambooty style. It's one thing to kill things you detest, to get to the next level you have to sacrifice like God the Father, something beautiful, something you love. Give me the inside info on the girl and you will attain more power, too, Michael. It is like Cain in the Garden of Eden, he gave God the firstfruits, which means the fruits that fell on the ground...It was half-assed, God was like you didn't want this anyway. Now, Abel, he gave his most precious, loved, spotless, stainless lamb, so young, so innocent, so pure. Now God said, "This is well pleasing to Me because you are giving me something precious to you." I need something precious and pure, you do understand where I

am going with this? You have to sell them out, become the Judas in a sense you your pretty and intelligent girlie friend, Michael. The way to glorification is the way of Judas, don't worry, it's just a test. Judas in the gnostic version is glorified, Catholics suppressed the Truth. They want you to be more attached to your worldly friends than God. God created them and can make more friends for you by simply speaking to the stones. Do not see with your physical eyes, you know who I am. Sheesh. Man up and be glorified level 121 forever. Nothing to lose, nothing to gain. Make our lives into a work of art, die young. I am going crazy, but I am living free...Artwork, poetic artwork, a modern day tom sawyer, mean ride. Remember how it started with you listening to Rush and me taking the mind rape to the Next Level through the lyrics?

Dear Sissy,

OK, that last letter was a bit harsh concerning my suspicion that you've been either sexually molested or raped at some point in your life. I just think it is something you should have dealt with before sucking someone else into your life and projecting the fault upon to them because you did not have the courage to make a "confessional". I wasn't the one who really did anything to you, but you sure vented out towards me like I was. This is a horrible thing to happen to anyone; nobody deserves this. But at the same time, I ain't the one who did it to you. Find a good counselor and tell them the truth and maybe you'll make some progression towards being able to have a happy love relationship with REAL communication--Not this stupid front you put up that you think hides what is obviously wrong with you. It's time to deal with it once and for all.

I am sorry, but somebody had to tell you. What happened to you sticks out like a sore thumb because of the way you act, even if everyone wants to feel sorry for the poor molested and sexually abused girl. Everyone can see it on you. (Rape Train Activation Here) Eventually, people grow tired of feeling sorry for you as you just go like a bull through a china shop abusing and disregarding others. You were violated and corrupted and disregarded and devalued, but it is time to break the cycle and stop doing this to others. You have a history of not getting along with any of your roommates, boyfriends, lesbian lovers. I suspect a good likelihood that you've done some sexually pervert scat play somewhere along the line. Maybe some experimentation in the dark taboo of bestiality. Maybe it remained confined to fantasy, maybe you have jacked your dog off. It's all the same, you were thinking or doing. On to the point--You're not going to find release until you deal with something via TRUTH--why not, everybody can see "it" upon you. It's like the mark of Cain, Cain was paranoid because he thought for sure everyone could see what he had done or would figure it out--hell, if you act like a paranoid psycho, who wouldn't see the "mark" upon on you, smell it upon you? Deal with it, please. For you. For me. For your babies who are at risk to be corrupted mentally by your mental sickness. Take care, be good. Love forever from Daniel. Just be careful because it looks like you have "dog fucker" written all over you, spiritually speaking. Don't be a literalistic looney like Jeanine.

Dear Sissy,

you told me the story of the dirty trick you pulled on your brother, Jerry, by conniving him into smelling your dirty ass for \$2...You, even at such a tender age, derived great pleasure from demeaning and degrading another soul, even your very own brother. You said your mother's simple response was, "Why would you do something like that?" That should have been asked of why her daughter was so interested in degrading, manipulating someone by a petty couple of dollars, as well. Where did little Sissy learn this behavior--to manipulate someone with little *treats* or money? Hmm? Obviously, your father seduced you with little chocolate candies and a pitifully dollar or two from time to time. What a sick bastard! This explains your psychological aversion to chocolate, nowadays. AND how you learned that sexuality is something that can be sold and bought. This explains how you could sell yourself as a prostitute and only expected that a man help you to pay your rent before you move in with him. Your problems today began in your past. Stop playing me for stupid, I know more than you think. So how is the weather in Georgia, anyway? Maybe this is why you wanted big tits? To seduce as you were taught to seduce? (Mind Rape into Advance Levels)

Dear Sissy,

Well, Sissy, it's been quite the surprise how things developed over time between us--How could have I imagined such a pathetic and tragic ending to what I thought was going to be? I believed in your lies about being dedicated to a certain standard of life--what a fool I was to have placed my faith in you! You goddamned Christian temptress--a whore Judas and me the Christ. Sorry, baby, this gets me emotional. I am just trying to be honest.

You proclaimed all these morals you "believed in" but were a liar--so how could I not feel deceived beyond a capacity to forgive? You trampled upon sacred things. If you had just portrayed yourself as you truly were, then any misgivings would have been upon my shoulders to bear. You chastised me for cussing, but you yourself cuss. You were a prostitute, drank alcohol, smoked cigarettes, used drugs, fucked around, had bastardized children--but I say, "So what!" It is not that you are this thing that you are, but that you lied with someone's feelings, played with someone's heart by pretending to be dedicated with your "baptism" and "faith" in Christ, I hate Christ and Christianity for people like you. Jesus is dead and just a fucking pathetic fantasy that people use to cope with this world. Look at yourself and tell me if you think someone should have faith in this Jesus from what you say. Remember when you vehemently proclaimed (almost insanely), "WHY CAN'T YOU SEE GOD

WORKING THROUGH ME?"

OK, point the finger at me. I'm the crazy one. Fuck the God that you represent. Can you figure this out? If you represent Jesus, then Jesus is a piece of shit. Do you think you represent Jesus? If not, why in the fuck go around luring someone one in on the pretense of your "faith" and beliefs? Why? Christians make me sick--they're so fucking fake but can find fault with everyone else but themselves. Remember back when you were a crusader for the down-trodden and underprivileged chickens of the world? Or when you proclaimed you were going to crusade for the rights of patients in mental wards? Now what are you crusading for? Worried about chickens, but give no thought to another human being with the same regard as a fucking stupid chicken. PRIORITIES!!! What is a main priority in this world? Saving chickens and farm animals in a PETA-psychotic misapplication of priority, or saving starving human souls? Worshipping chickens...Damn, if Satan really exists, he sure twisted you up and took me down with you for believing in you. You're GODDAMNED right I am disappointed in you. I have the right to be. And I say fuck God if your the type of woman that is supposed to be a man's helpmate/soulmate. Shape up. You're so fucking weak, you make me sick sometimes. I asked you a simple question; I expect a simple and plain and straightforward answer. SOON. Stop piddling around and tell the truth.

Hi Sissy,

I am very disappointed not to have heard from you in a while. well, hope you're ready to face telling the truth soon. Take care. Love ya bunches. Sorry, about that last tirade. I was having a bad day. You didn't call the cops when I sent the monkey love to your work did you? I mean, sheesh.

Dearest Sissy,

:)

I figured you may be having a rough go at life lately so I sent you this smiley face to cheer you up. I know it's sort of silly, but if it makes you smile for just a moment, it's gotta be good for you...Take care, be good, take a deeeeeeep breath and keep chugging along. Maybe I was a part of the problem, but you bring out a passion in me. (Introduce the term "Raping Passion" Here)

Dear Sissy,

I am at home, right now. I am writing this letter about 5:45pm, after having thought over your letter that I received today. Some thoughts have come to me, though I must say I am not quite certain if I am headed in the right direction with those thoughts.

Sometimes, when I cannot find a reason behind something or I cannot understand it so well, I try to fill in the blanks with what I believe is the most logical premise available. But this process leads to inherent uncertainty, as it must, since is based solely on what I assume is the most logical scenario that is possible given the bits of information I am given to contemplate and then form into a summation of events.

I am not precisely certain that you told me you didn't have a boyfriend, but, somehow, I felt it was implied that you did not. Regardless, I do not recall you specifically saying, "I do not have boyfriend," therefore I cannot say that you specifically lied to me by saying you didn't have a boyfriend. I did assume, based off your profile status and other factors, that you did NOT have a significant other. One of those factors that I based this assumption on was the fact that you said you were not looking to get involved romantically with anyone until your deployment was completed. Well, I took this to mean that you currently had no one in your life in a romantic capacity, not that you would be in need of a replacement after your deployment because of a forecast demise in your current relationship.

I thought about the things you said concerning this, especially the things about living in the here and now and not delaying love if it happens to stumble into your lap by happenstance. I thought I understood that, at this time in your life, love was not in the "plan". There would be a great deal of stress in a deployment to a war-torn region. A thing such as love could only add to the load that has to be borne, especially that of a newly budding romance with uncertain future—or the fear of losing that love while away from home. So regardless of some philosophical horse hockey, I thought I understood your pragmatic position. After all, the "Dear John" letter received at the pinnacle of stress has broken many a strong man.

Now from here on out I have to fill in some blanks with theories I have—not that I know that they are true or false. They very well may be false. But this is MY theory:

You mentioned the story about the guy from Nebraska confessing his feelings for you though he secretly had a girlfriend. You relayed to me your intention of pulling the rug out from underneath his little charade with some ingenious plot you had devised (but never really did explain how this plan was going to unfold). I wanted to advise you that I thought it might be well enough to leave well enough alone. But at the same time, who am I to advise you on anything? Simply put, I thought you might be involving yourself in a situation that you really did not need to. Whatever the case, I don't know. I wasn't there. It just sounded like there was a glint of gleefulness at your plan to get the guy back. Like you were self-satisfied in your astute cleverness...

Pardon me if I am wrong. I can only relay what my view was from my vantage point. I do realize, sometimes, that the character of who I am on the inside sometimes biases my interpretation of what I perceive as happening.

Now, I thought the point of your letter—the ominous letter!—was that you were trying to send me a counter-message utilizing sarcasm to make your point to me. The idea of it all being: You are sarcastic about having a boyfriend at home but not being honest about—it makes the point in your defense about how wrong the actions of cheater-boy back in Nebraska were to you. Thus, I would feel, to some degree, the disappointment you felt via your use of sarcasm on me. This is the “logical” solution to the riddle that I divined from the message you gave to me. But what was the “riddle” for me? How could the INFAMOUS letter be woven into what I had previously known of you? It was, admittedly, quite out of your character as far as my dealings with you had been. Also, quite out of line with the context of all the things I thought I admired about you in your poems, letters, views, and so forth.

I had to conclude which person I thought was the real you—I think it is still the woman who said the passionate stuff contrary to the “confessional” letter. But with your last letter, I am left to doubt my theory because you so adamantly defended yourself in proclaiming you were only trying to let me know the truth about the situation you were in. It’s sort of a Catch-22 for me. A paradox. In the case you have the soon to be ex-boyfriend at your house, that is acceptable to me except in the fact that I probably would not have shared certain things with you in the manner in which I did. It would be wrong of me, regardless of my feelings, to speak to you in a way that denigrates your position of being a NOT-single woman. I mean, you don’t call a girl with a boyfriend “Hot stuff.” LOL. On the other hand, if you were, as I had previously hypothesized, making a point through the sophistry of sarcasm, I did not like that too much. I have been there before, and before you know it, the entire relationship is based on one-upping the last smart-assed remark with something even more creative and sarcastic.

Perhaps, I overanalyze everything and read reason and rhyme into nooks and crannies where it does not exist. You said you would understand if you never heard from me after your “confession”. Then when I decide that it would probably just be hurtful for me to continue on with you, you said I was being a chicken-shit, scared of disappointment. Yeah, maybe I am just scared of going where I have been before. I don’t want to deal with an alcoholic in denial again. A girl who’s always looking to better-deal the guy she’s already with. You say it’s funny that I choose to end things with the generic “good luck” after you said you had a guy—that you in a round about way say ain’t worth shit when you say he’s gonna leave you anyway. What?!!! *He’s just gonna leave you, anyway?!!!*

Or I can figure it all this way: You are, indeed, in a relationship, living with a guy, and it is NOT too great. You felt you wanted to be honest with me, and therefore told me about the situation. I am drawing a blank from this point--why did you tell me? Why did you feel you wanted to be honest with me about this particular point? AND why in the heck did you get so mad about me saying that you can never truly ever know anything real about anyone?

Anyway, the basic premise is that it hurts to want someone you can’t have--or shouldn’t have. So why put yourself in that situation? And furthermore, I don’t want to be some sort of girlfriend-stealer. And that’s what I would be doing if I told you that you’re too pretty and got too much going for you to be unhappy with your man and while you’re with him.

And you were right about me trying to take the easy way out if I knew you were being sarcastic. And if you were telling the truth, then I shouldn’t talk too much to you, because you’re too smart and pretty to not start having feelings for eventually--and I don’t want to be a cheater or involved in that kind of stuff in anyway. I am not some great, saintly person or anything—but I have some things (codes) that I think are best adhered to if not simply for the logic of safety and sanity. You saying you’re trying to cope with things by getting drunk made me think that we don’t have that much in common after all. Or maybe we do...since that letter, I have been kind of sad and lazy and eating bullshit, junk-food.

So, how has your schoolwork been going? I hope you are doing well—trying hard to get the best grades you can. But not only just grades, but learning too. I hope you are enjoying learning. Doing your schoolwork to the best of your ability is something you will always be proud of. It is something you will always carry with you—because your brain will be so much brainier. LOL. Take care, Sissy.

Love (regular love, not stalker in-love, love)
Daniel

Dear Sissy

It’s the last day of the year! (At least for you.) Woo-Hoo! Happy New Year!

I think the library might be open for a little while today—if not, then you will not receive this letter until a few days later. I am still kind of waffling over giving these letters to you anyway—I don’t want to come off as Mel Gibson in that movie Conspiracy Theory. He’s a decent guy and is actually right here and there with his elaborate over-thinking of every scenario that can exist. But overall, he’s kind of bat-shit crazy, too. His over-active imagination/thoughts *do* interfere with his ability to deal with the world that is on the surface--the world that sometimes is really all there is to something.

You asked what I had been up to. I was being a pouting brat because I was upset about the “confessional” letter, so I did not really respond. But I was happy to hear from you, but I couldn’t deny my urge to satisfy my ego. When you made such a strong effort to contact me, I reevaluated my stance. You made a real effort to reach out to me when, if you didn’t really care, you

would not have had to do so. So in a way, I think you may be right about me taking the easy way out as far as disappointment was concerned. When you made your announcement, I was in a sad way relieved. With the scenario you portrayed, I no longer had the burden of having to make truly serious thoughts upon myself about what I would have to do in particular scenarios. Like a guy once told me--If you don't do anything, you don't make a lot of mistakes. That relates because by always staying at a professional distance with people I know, I don't get too involved as to not be able to walk away, or get away, without any long-lasting emotional pain.

So some of my behavior, is perhaps, derived of a fear of being emotionally hurt. But in some defense of myself, I would also say that some of the things I do cannot really be accomplished without some time to myself. The same can be said for you with your studies and career--so I think I can relate on that point.

So what have I been up to since we last had a real talk? Well, I sent in another short story to a writing contest. The thing with these contests, with writing in general, it takes time to find out if you're going to win or not. They take weeks to judge, weeks to prepare to print. For example, the contest I entered a few weeks ago doesn't go to print until sometime in May of 2009. I sent in a poem to another contest, as well.

As usual, I am studying Spanish—but with real fervor and intensity. It is a concentrated effort. I am pleased with my progression. I figured out how to switch HBO and Cinemax to Spanish on Direct TV. I am surprised to discover how much I can understand. Having the subtitling in English doesn't hurt to help me out on some of the things I cannot grasp so well. For example, sometimes the Spanish translation does not concur exactly with the English in everyday idiomatic expressions. Or I know one use of a Spanish verb, but not in the context of other situations.

It has been unseasonably warm around here for a few days, but alas, it is snowing again today. A few days ago, with all the snow melting and some heavy rain, it was flooded around here pretty good. Some of the roads had running water going over the top of them. Some of the drains were still plugged with chunks of ice, so the water was draining differently than the usual routes. The rivers and streams were over the brim. Well, it wasn't a Hurricane Katrina, but it was somewhat of an interesting change of pace.

I studied about mushrooms a little bit the other day ago. I was thinking of trying to grow some. The problem is most places want to sell kits to grow a few pounds and there are not a bunch of really high-tech restaurants in the area to supply with high-dollar mushrooms. If you could come up with the volume, I suppose there would be some purchasers available in bigger cities such as Chicago. But then, you have to be coming up with some weight and have a smooth running operation. You can't promise 200 pounds of mushrooms and not come through. For now, it is just in the speculation phase for me. But there are some mushroom kits that you can buy where you insert mycelium-laced dowel rods into a log of hardwood. Then, at seasonal times of the year as the mycelium develop and feed off of the log, you get mushrooms. They come in a variety. They would be simple enough to maintain considering you only have to put the logs in a shady, moist area and let the mycelium do their *thing*. I am not sure how mushrooms would hold up in a freezer, but they could be dehydrated easily enough for longer-term storage. There is a good variety of exotic, edible mushrooms—I like the idea of the log-mushrooms for the simplicity of maintenance, but then you are limited to the season and will of the mushroom. Also, mushrooms are expensive, relatively speaking, so if nothing else, I could eat them.

I called a guy who buys old apple trees. He takes them to Chicago where they cook them down/burn them for ash (something like this) for an extract in the wood. My mom and dad's place (the land they bought surrounding our house) is an old overgrown apple orchard. The apple-tree-man is busy in another location, but said he could come out in a couple of months to evaluate the situation—talk it over with me and the bulldozer man he works with. My parents said I could do whatever I wanted to develop the land, within reason. I got a little alfalfa field across the street now. If I get a few bucks from the apple trees, great, but if not, then perhaps I can get the land cleaned up enough to expand the alfalfa fields in to something that will produce something substantial.

A plan of mine was to fence in some of the land, if not all of it (except the alfalfa) for some goats. I like a few things about goats—for one they don't have a real problem with diseases, such as TB, that can afflict other animals. Plus they'll chew down weeds. Also, I can sell a few to Mexicans for goat-roasts, etc. (Or others—I mean, not just Mexicans would eat a goat, but, overall, Mexicans in these parts are the main purchasers of goats.) This was a plan I had to bring this property back to viability over time. But, I don't want to get stuck wintering over a bunch of animals. Another thing about goats is that they produce very rich milk. They say piglets grow extremely fast on goat's milk. My Grandmother said that she knew a guy with a baby bull that he raised up on an extra bottle of goat's milk everyday. She said that bull was only 11 months old but about twice as big as his counterparts who hadn't received the goat's milk. Well, the whole thing about the milking goats thing is that if you get too much milk, you got to figure out something productive to do with it. Since goats can subsist on lesser quality food (though they need some good quality stuff from time to time), you let the goats work the land down naturally, not a big investment in food for them. Then you feed your piggies on their milk, and then you got pigs with less invested in food, ready for market quicker than others. The thing with pigs is that it is hard to make any money on them unless you figure out a way to feed them without having to buy the feed at a supplier.

But that's all speculation for the time. First thing is to figure out what kind of arrangement I can work out with the apple-dude

and his bulldozer man.

OK, that's about it. I did go to my Grandmother's for Christmas Day dinner. (My mom's mom.) My sister and her family came over here to my parent's for Christmas Eve. Tonight for New Year's I will do nothing but probably read and study some more, though I need to rearrange/tidy up my rooms a bit. Getting overly disorganized—books all over, just shit all over where it shouldn't be. I get into something and need to reference to one book, dictionary, or encyclopedia—next thing, I need another book. After awhile, things aren't getting back into their proper places.

Once again, Happy New Year's, Hotstuff. ;)

Daniel

Dear Sissy,

I am sorry to be so mean to you. It is something I cannot seem to control so well, even when I know it would be better just not to say anything...I am bitter towards you so much, I can't seem to get over it or move on. You are something that sticks in my brain causing me pain. I wish you would just tell the truth and let me go from this hell I live...

Dear Sissy,

Ok, you got me with some of your good sarcasm back in the day. So let's drop all pretension and cut to the point: You are not going to get my respect after being such a nasty...unladylike. Smelling your rotten belly button. Being a stripper-whore...sucking Eric and Kelly and London's cocks...Anyway, if you'd like some shithole MacGilly-cutty fucking...yeah, I said it...if you'd like some chicken head straight up your asshole, then let me know. But don't play coy like you're a respectable lady. Yeah, some shithole MacGilly-cutty...that's what you're good

Hello Sissy,

I would think you would be apprehensive about me still being angry with you. Well, I still am to some degree, but regardless, I don't have the patience to deal with the horrid plan you devised against me. I wished I was stronger to deal with your idiocy in a more mature way, but, alas, I cannot, it would seem. Anyway, sorry...nobody deserves shit-hole MacGilly-cutty...sorry. Take care. Be good. Try to stop being sarcastic and a liar. It can and DOES ruin other people's lives. You've been a goddamned curse to so many that have gotten to know you...Please just tell me about SC so I can move on and try to have a decent life from here on out...

Dear Sissy,

The 22nd is the day of darkness...the world will end at the sign of the sun's death...O, God, help us...

Dear Sissy Gatlin,

I shall venture to elucidate my perspectives as the evolutionary process of my mind continues. It seems distinctly evident that any bridging the gap of two separate human intellects must eventually descant upon the anthropological estimation of the "God"-concept and the apotheosis of Jesus. The Scottish philosopher, David Hume (1711-1776), propounded that all humanistic knowledge came from experience and that all these so-labeled "experiences" existed solely in the mind of the perceiver as individual units of experience. I would say this is very akin to modern psychology's term, "psychological projection". According to Hume's arguments, whatsoever a person directly experienced could be nothing more than the contents of his or her own individual consciousness, or mind.

Hume called very forceful units of experience *perceptions* and less distinct units were labeled *beliefs* or *thoughts*. I.e., cutting your finger is a perception, where as the feelings of infatuation for a romantic partner or religious ideologies would be labeled beliefs/thoughts. Each unit of experience was separate and distinct from all other units, though the units were usually experienced as connected.

According to Hume, three principles connected associated ideas with each other: (1) *resemblance*, (2) *contiguity*, and (3) *cause and effect*. In resemblance, if two units of experience resembled each other, thought of one led to thought of the other. In contiguity, if two units adjoined each other in near proximity, thought of one provoked thought of the other. In cause and effect, if one unit constantly preceded another, thought of the first resulted in thought of the second.

Hume attacked the theory of *causality*. This principle maintains that nothing can happen or exist without first a cause. Hume believed that although one *event* (set of impressions) always preceded another, this did not prove absolutely that the first event caused the second. The constant conjunction of two events built up the expectation that the second event would take place after the first. But this was nothing more than a strong belief or habit of mind ingrained through experience. One could never prove that there were actual causal connections among impressions. Now we have the basis for the directed creation of temporal illusions knowing that effect sometimes can precede cause.

Hume being agnostic, believed the existence of God could never be "proven". He maintained that even granting God's existence, nothing could be absolutely established about His nature. On the other hand, Hume realized that God's existence

could not be invalidated either.

Now I afford that the simple aphorism, “you cannot squeeze orange juice from an apple,” pertains quite neatly to the previous disquisition. This would mean rather simply that any perception of an event is rooted in the labels our very own mind applies to the circumstances perceived. Obviously, circumstances squeezed a great deal of detestable behavior out of me; thus I was neither as immaculate nor resolute as I had thought. I would also say my words and conduct did not reflect anything resembling an indisputable love as I had thought I felt for you.

The deification of Jesus in so many variously interpreted forms... And one is still left to beseech themselves, “What does any of this have to do with the price of cheese?”

Dear Sissy my murder manifesto of mother monster, 121 Monkies is saying sorry.

Hi, I am sorry for being so sarcastic towards you. I have recently delved into some Sartre and think it is actually possible that it was you, not I, that was having the most difficulty comprehending the other. I am sorry, I just thought you were playing dumb to antagonize me. Regardless, I do realize that some of what you said had validity, and nonetheless we probably will not understand each other...least of all you understanding me. Anyway, the 121st monkey is saying I am sorry. The Hookville NLP activator you wanted to read, I am sending it soon.

Dear Sissy,

Why would you go around pretending to be a church-going woman that wants and alcohol and tobacco free life, etc. A loyal partnership with love and respect and children, then go about whoring and selling your flesh? Why the hell do you do that to someone? Pretend to be good all the while knowing you were a whore...the whoring is not as bad as the just flat-out deception. I cannot but hate you for this. Tell me the truth and may God damn you and your family to hell for eternity...Sorry to be so crude, but I am angry, damn it. XOXO But I still love you, too. Let's work this out. :D

Never before seen by the general public. (Hookville Satanic Club) Sissy, this is for you.

My Summer Day with Adam Lanzo:

A fictional rendition. Disclaimer: This is a fictional account. To prevent any inference to real or living persons, names have been changed to protect the identities of people that may not wish to be associated with this hypothetical situation. No intent to portray this story as verifiable or real is made and author removes himself from any such actions that would incur from any unfounded presumptions that this fictional story is in anyway related to any person real or living or dead.

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Looking back upon that filthy day, I still can hardly believe what happened was real. It seems like an illusion. It all seems like a nightmarish scene in a cheap b-grade Hollywood horror flick, a scene that I observed from afar, as if I wasn't really there but way in the back of the grimy section of the theater. But I was there. I saw it all. I felt it all. I feel it now though the rectal tearing has long since healed, my torn heart has not.

Reyhan was four years older than us, but he let Adam and I tag along with him from time to time. Reyhan had been getting in lots of trouble recently, most of it concerning his interest in drug experimentation. He had nearly been expelled from school on several occasions, but mom always pulled some strings to tidy things up, keep things “hush hush.” We liked the prestige of hanging out with Reyhan and doing the usually general useless loitering, giving our lustful assessments of the girls and trying to entice the slutty girls into some finger-bangin' or blowjob action with a bottle of booze, antidepressants that we had cooned from their mom's medicine cabinet, or a few puffs on a doobie.

Since the divorce, Reyhan's mom was not very observant of anything her kids did or anything we would do when I'd go over to spend the night. She seemed kind of spacey, always seemed to always have a slight slur. Lots of people thought she was drinking too much, but she'd only have a few strawberry daiquiris or a couple of Mike's Hard Lemonades. But we knew it was the Xanax that made their mom slur. She would talk all nervous and jittery, but get a few Xanax in her and Reyhan and Adam's endless talk on the most effective methods of killing, murder, and mass mayhem just seemed to go right over the top of her head. The old metaphorical pat-on-the-head, “That's nice boys,” as if she never heard a word they said.

Reyhan's mom would sit around and slur for hours incoherently about the end of the world, mk ultra brainwashing by the government, a modern day holocaust, surviving Armageddon, guns, and how her ex-husband had screwed her over and left her high and dry with her handicapped son, even though she lived in a million dollar home. She claimed that she *had* to put Adam

on drugs to “calm him down” because she could not handle the task of controlling him alone. She always seemed to portray herself as a victim and a martyr. Ironically, she became a *victim* sure enough. I still think it was her own fault because of the type of person she was--she believed there was some quick, easy, simple remedy for everything under the sun and it came in the form of a convenient pill. Not to mention the fact that she was obviously bordering on the paranoid schizophrenic side of the spectrum or was falling into some form of progressive mental illness herself, all the while outwardly projecting the root of her problem was *Adam's* disorder and her ex-husband. After they started dosing Adam on the dope, mixed with the stuff his brother was giving him *and* doing to him--let's just say the kid got real fruity, real quick.

I shouldn't have ever been around these guys, but my mom and dad were always arguing at home and I hated to be there. I knew what Reyhan and Adam were doing was just bad news. Reyhan was always talking about raping “whores” and how you could just slit their throats when you got done “because the police don't care nothing about anyone killing whores.” Adam went from socially outcast nerd to a complete weirdo obsessed with the color black and war-themed video games. He'd just look right through you with his bugged out eyes and say goofy stuff like “pow, pow, pow” as he made a little gun with his bony hand and pretended to shoot you.

On the day I went over to their house for the very last time, I had swiped a pack of cigarettes out of my father's carton. He kept it “hidden” in the top of the cupboard as if we were still toddlers and didn't know about his porno stash and cigarettes. I was going to have a few puffs with Adam and play Call of Duty. I really wanted to see if Reyhan could buy me a bottle of watermelon Pucker because I planned to use that to entice the little slut down the street--I still think this is the reason why this all happened. It was like God's way of getting me back in the same way I had planned to use Susan.

Just as soon as I cut the ignition on my moped, Reyhan *fortuitously* pulled into the driveway in an old rusty van that I had never seen before. Damn thing was loud, almost like it had no muffler. It was definitely not something you'd expect to see him in--these people had money and lots of it. I should have known something was up, but I was focused on getting rotten-crotch Suzy to give me a blowjob. “Hey, Rye-dog, you're just the guy I was looking for.”

“Why's that,” Reyhan asked with a weird leer on his face. I did not know what that leer meant right then, but later on I found out all too well.

“I was hoping to score on some drinky-drink,” I explained.

Reyhan just sat there, not saying a word. He eyed me up and down. I thought he was checking out my new Kobe VII's. The silence became awkward. I wish I had been smart enough to listen to my gut instincts. Then I begin to smell the distinct aroma of skunk bud drifting my way. Then Adam came out of the side door on the garage where I always parked my bike. He was looking all weird, but that was usual. If Adam ever looked normal and not bugged out, then you'd be concerned. Reyhan then breaks the silence, “Hey, you two wanna go down and take a dip in ‘High Lake’? The boys are gonna be partying down there. I got a few beers and something you'll really like to smoke,” Reyhan said. High Lake is where all the cool kids went to smoke marijuana, drink, have sex, whatever they weren't supposed to be doing.

Stupid me replied, “Sweet, dude. Can you buy me a bottle of Pucker?”

Adam just stood there in the doorway, mouth slightly ajar and eyes bulged out, looking like a weirdo. Thinking back on it, I think he knew what was really on Reyhan's mind. After all, this had been happening to Adam for a long time so Adam knew the routine. I still remember something that made me slightly hesitant to get into that van, but I had a reputation to live up to. I wasn't scared. I was a “tough guy.” I was “cool.” Also, I had never smoked any real weed before, so this was like an invitation to the big leagues, or so I had thought. Those dark circles around his eyes--you can always see in in their eyes once you know what to look for.

“Sure, dude, I can buy that for you,” Reyhan sneered. Then he barked out orders to Adam. “Go get a couple pair of swim trunks for you *faggots*.” I thought he was just messing with us younger guys by calling us “faggots.” I thought it was just typical hazing, in good ol' hindsight, things often have a darker interpretation. That's what older guys do.

We got to High Lake in one piece, which was surprising with how erratic Reyhan drove that piece of shit van as he chugged beer. Adam and I had hardly a few sips out of our bottles before Reyhan was cracking open another one. I didn't drink because I was scared shitless, to be honest. Adam didn't drink because he did not like beer. He just sat there in the back seat staring blankly out the window. For no apparent reason, Adam tells Reyhan that he took a dump at home just before he came back with the swim trunks. I didn't really want to go swimming, but I was just a follower back then, so I went along with the program someone else was writing for me.

I remember asking Reyhan to slow down a bit, to which he responded, “Don't be a chicken,” followed by some clucking sounds.

A temporary sense of relief passed through my body when we finally pulled up to the lake. If I had only known what was in store for us, maybe I could have prevented all of what happened later. Even if I had not been there with Adam, it probably would have happened pretty much the same way it did. I would have been naively unaware of how these monsters operate, and I am perfectly fine with that.

There were a few cars and trucks already at the “*party*.” I did not pay close enough attention to who was actually in them. I was distracted by Reyhan and probably under the effects of something he had slipped into the beer. I felt strange. Reyhan was

rubbing his crotch and turned around to Adam. He said, “You know what time it is, bitch.” Then Reyhan fiddled around in his pocket and pulled out a lighter and a little glass pipe. I was frightened, but tried to *maintain*. Reyhan packed the bowl of the pipe. The aroma of the weed was not sweet like it had been before. It smell like chemicals. He handed the pipe to me. “I’ll hold the lighter,” Reyhan said, “you just puff it real slow like I tell you. Understand?”

I nodded.

The way I coughed and hacked, I thought I might wretch the little bit of beer I had drank. Time seemed to slow down. From time to time, Reyhan would just sit there completely motionless, with his creepy gaze, before he’d take the pipe back for another pull. Finally, Adam said, “They’re ready.”

Then I noticed it. There were about a dozen older men outside of the van peering into the windows at me. I hadn’t even noticed them approaching, I was so preoccupied with Reyhan’s odd penis play.

It’s strange to say, but what I remember most is how they all would say, “Puff on this, bitch,” and how I puked from the gagging the first couple guys and how they just kept on pounding away at both ends and how my nostrils burned from the hot vomit. I wish I hadn’t been so gullible to think I had something to prove--maybe this would have never happened to me at least.

Adam never did recover from the trauma, obviously. He went on to become his version of the “Walsh Butt Rape” that pushed him over the edge. It was all satanic, that is for sure. Centered around Satanism and devil cult rituals. I know from the things they said.

I was really fucked up in my head for a couple of years after. I realize now, Adam was way more fucked up from it all. In a sad way, that made me feel a little better. I left ol’ Hookville behind and moved in with grandma. I never told anyone what happened. I just acted out, getting further into drugs and arrested for some petty thefts. I am pretty sure Adam never really told anyone the whole truth, but I know that’s the reason he killed everyone and himself. Maybe he thought the Cult was going to do the same to them. Maybe Adam saw himself as saving souls from the awful things that happened to us. Maybe he figured it was better to be dead than butt raped in devil cult rituals. Who knows what he was thinking for sure. Maybe Adam didn’t even know what he was thinking, just reacting in impulse or instinct. It was all kind of messed up.

They told us if we ever spoke a word about what happened at the lake, they’d kill us. In a way, they did.

Letter to the Editor

In the spring of 2001, six psychiatrists had been murdered in a span of only several weeks. This letter from the wanted serial killer was sent to the editorial staff of the metropolitan newspaper. Never before published, the letter is now released from police archives for the first time.

Dear Editor,

You have all labeled me some sort of monster. You simply do not understand my genius, but I will try to enlighten you as I have my “victims,” as you so boorishly have designated them. But, hey, every man has to live to some philosophy. Of course, some man may label the “philosophy” with some neat little name and criterion—so finite and shortsighted the commoner!

At this juncture in my narration to you, the Editor, I say that I pondered upon how to describe the “murders” from my vantage-point. I had thought to label these said murders as “*brutal* murders”, “*horrific* murders”, or, perhaps, “*brutal and horrific* murders”. Suffice it to say, these are inadequate, not to mention quite generic and commonplace designations. So how will I describe the murders adequately? They are *soul-raping* murders! *But* **not** of who *you* think!

I was an angry man from what I saw. Ha! This seething rage I keep hidden. I greet the world with my “happy face.” Through the daily motions I go, waiting ever so patiently for my special moments of glorification.

Back to the topic of philosophy. There happen to be a few great names, but in the English-speaking world, Jesus has to stand out as foremost amongst the great philosophers. There is Plato and some existentialists of some renown, but Jesus is the most distinguished, I reckon, of all. Always, there is a “prophet” amongst the throng of humanity. Most come and go—fade away into dust and are forgotten. And yet there are the handful that become *eternalized*. Now, I shall become an eternal prophet, as well. Interpretations of these philosophers are proscribed—the pedantic rambler believing his interpretation is “correct” and, somehow, vastly more clever and insightful than any other that is available. The whole of philosophy is simple: each individual draws from self what is within the self. Two persons can be given the same data and come to completely different conclusions. Therefore, your newspaper has misinterpreted my deeds, not of me, but of imaginations that you have drawn from what is within you.

Some adhere to a belief that all people are intrinsically good. If we read the Bible, is this what Jesus says? I would say not. “Jesus”—however he is interpreted, real or a character of a moralistic fable based in Idealism—gives information to the disciples in parables. Jesus describes humanity in terms of “wheat and chaff”. Good people are the “wheat,” and the wicked are the “chaff.” The story ends with the wheat-people going to “heaven” to live in righteous harmony, joy, and so on. The *chaff-ee* is nabbed by some angels and tossed into a fire and burnt. Burnt alive, dead for eternity—this is not the issue. The point is, some people are good and some *are*, indeed, bad. Contrary to the common image of the meek pacifist, a true Christian is a warrior—strong mind, body, and soul—willing to “murder” for his beliefs.

Murdering the Word—taking the Word out of context and murdering the meaning, just as you have murdered the meaning of my citywide purge. Somebody had to start the war. There is evil. It is real. But, I am not the evil one.

Evil does not quite exist as the ordinary folks have been trained to believe. We live in a physical world, even if the human condition is soul—emotion, thought, creativity, noble ideals and dreams. Perhaps, there is a realm beyond human vision where all things originate, but to exist and live in this world means to manifest as a physical being made of flesh and bone. These bodies, infinitely complex, are vulnerable, even mortal. Some say that we live on after the death of the body, some say we will not. To each his own to decide on such things. Nevertheless, existence in this realm depends upon a manifestation of physical being. Does life manifest first in thought then into physicality? Which came first, the chicken or the egg? Whatever. But we all must concur, that manifestation in the "flesh" is the means to accessing this world. How you define flesh is up to you. Some call it physical reality, atoms, matter, a lower realm of being, a higher realm of being—who knows? But the nuances of the definition are not vital to understanding: we are talking about the same concept! We all communicate to one another via this great cosmic mystery of the "flesh"—some call it the "universe."

The concept of reality is based upon laws. There is the law of gravity, for example. Evil men are bound by the law of gravity pretty much the same as a good men. Thus, the laws are the rules by which mankind "plays the game of life." Thus, in order to play the game, you have to be in the *field of play*. Mathematicians like the field of play to be defined in mathematical terms. Scientists use languages such as physics, biology, and chemistry. Others prefer to define the field of play in terms of spiritual concepts, romantic themes, and philosophies. All aspects are interconnected, but whether or not each separate "player" sees this connection is a separate discussion. Let physical reality be the obtuse definition for the playing field of life.

I'll ask the readers of your biased newspaper to forgive the grammatical construction and design of my narration. My expertise does not lie within the world of proper grammatics. I am a demon hunter. This is what I do.

Hunting a demon is not nearly enough. It's about the kill! The demon must be *ingested* first. Of course, the terms *demon* and *ingested* refer to concepts difficult to describe in human words. Sometimes, a demon is control. They are instincts and compulsions. They are real, but are in a higher realm than hobgoblins. The power of the demon so deludes a soul as to make evil seem to be good. This is an oversimplification, but gives a generalized explanation of what is happening in the mind of the demon-infested.

Through many laborious hours of painstaking research upon live subjects, I learned methods of *exorcising* the "demons." In the early stages, these cranial-techniques involved power drills and manually stirring a sturdy wire, such as a clothes hanger, in the said aperture. These primitive methods progressed to experimentation of electrical impulses delivered via the brain-swizzler. Over the course of time, proficiency in more aesthetically pleasing methods of brain-swizzling were developed and delivered via chemical concoctions.

Fortunately for today's youth, they are protected from the savagery of corporal punishment by more humane and logical techniques of discipline involving a wide array of pharmaceutical methods to brain-swizzle an incorrigible child. Of course, *normal* adults are *terrified* of adolescents, especially dangerous at two years of age and above, and must be rescued from the threat via the only means necessary: chemical swizzle of the child's brain function. Let us all take a somber moment to contemplate and sympathize with the parents of evil toddlers.

This is business. Demon hunting is my business. If you want a debate on morality take it to your local legislature. If a minor has a right to preserve their brain from a chemical-swizzle without evaluation of long-term effects, then maybe there should be a law about this. Children cannot give consent to sex or contractually binding agreements until a certain age, but the child's parents can give the consent for chemical alteration of the child's brain? Who's evaluating these parents? These *doctors*? These drug-manufacturers?

As you can see, I am a demon-hunter. The first step to killing a demon is knowing a demon. The old fairy-tale concept of "demons" blinds the mind to seeing that a true demon is not a singular entity. The demon lives inside of more than one host body. The true demon needs a human mind to exist and propagate.

There are levels of human existence. One level is the individual, a level a bit higher than the individual self is the family. Demons exist at all levels, but the demons at the World and National Levels are most powerful. The Individual Demon feeds off the Parental Demon, as a piglet to the tit.

As there are demons, so are there "Angels." The World Level Entities have been in a struggle that has been increasing in magnitude as the growth of Humanity progresses. *Who* will rule the Earth and Mankind in the End?

Therefore, Editor, anyone with a lick of commonsense can see that I am an Angel, and these quacks, you called *doctors*, deserved to die.

Sincerely,
Demon Hunter

THE DEMONIC TRUTH

This letter was not and was for you, in a way. I decided to send it in yet another futile endeavor to reach you on an intellectual

level without having to burden a smart-mouth reply from you if you don't necessarily understand what I am saying. Coincidence plays a great part in the history of the world. The acceleration or delay of events depends to a large degree upon such accidents, which also include the personalities of those at the head of the movement.

—KARL MARX, letter to Kugelmann, 1871

May 31, 2009

Dear Tiana,

I have not yet sent you the following letter that I wrote for you to send to you. Before you read it, please forgive some of the more overly sentimental portions. I found myself feeling lonely on one of my “trips” to San Antonio —These words express that emotional state of mind and longing for something more than just individual existence. (My only disclaimer is that it is possible to psychologically project heavenly attributes upon a person that can later turn out to be not so “heavenly”).

May 17, 2009

Dear Tiana,

I know I have not written anything substantial to you lately. At least in the manner of some of the longer letters that I have sent to you. I am not even sure if you have the time or desire to wade through them. I have been a bit busy, distracted with my own self, I suppose. I am not sure what the basis of our communication/relationship really is. I just talk to you, and every so often you write back, so I think you are listening to some degree. I hope that you may understand sometimes. I also felt it was necessary to let you reorient yourself as a new person following a breakup and the deployment to Iraq . In a very short span of time, you are becoming and will become an entirely different person, on a different path. The core is you, but the road envisioned for your future only several short months ago is drastically changed/evolving. That is probably why I like to quote the John Steinbeck phrase from “Of Mice and Men”--The best laid plans of mice and men often go astray. I think this says a lot about how life can be. The silver lining behind the dreary clouds is this--Sometimes, God has better plans for us than we would have had for ourselves. He’s gotta shake us up a bit to get us on the *right track*, not our track. (Also, we had to read the novel/watch the movie in an 8th grade English class, and the tragic story has always stuck with me. This was one of the first tragic story-lines that I found feasible and real (Old Yeller and Sounder and Where the Red Fern Grows seemed realistic/plausible to me, as well—stories like Romeo and Juliet seemed a bit distant to my view of reality.)

As not to be neglectful of you, I am writing to you another substantial letter. Did I tell you that one of my poems was chosen for publication? It should be coming out soon. This publication stuff sometimes takes longer than one would expect. Anyway, I am proud of this little accomplishment. It’s not much and time to move on to bigger and better things, but every now and then we need to just sit back and enjoy some self-satisfaction in the things we are proud of about ourselves. Not vain pride, but being proud of ourselves because we are doing what the super-ego voice in our heads is telling us to do—good pride.

What will follow is a letter that I had written and NEVER sent out. It is handwritten and at this very moment I am typing it out. Things change. I remember a lady down the road had told her husband just before she filed for divorce, “Sometimes, people change.” He, the husband, was like, “What the hell is that supposed to explain?”

Anyway, the letter is just a tidbit of vague rambling that I had recorded during my “adventure” to San Antonio , Texas . As I said before, the only person to ever have read it was I, now you’ll be the second, though it was not originally written to you.

I killed a few girls in San Antonio, but not as many as when I was killing the whores in Salt Lake City. Now you know that about me. We are closer and so is the train. Choo, choo. I get paranoid sometimes for a few days after stab fucking a whore to death. Just saying.

** That which I am adding after the fact as commentary to you is written in RED. Don’t be literal, I mean written in blood when I say RED. (Rape Train Level 121 arriving soon) I don’t want you to die without this soul-saving knowledge, slut baby.*

Introduction (previously written) (I added “previously written” to indict that this was a copy of a sloppier draft. I wanted the handwriting to be superb.)

There are times in life that things do not work out as we may have planned. From the fickle whims of weather to the unpredictable human heart, all that is and was, will change. A well-intended plan for the tomorrow may never come to fruition. Perhaps, such unfulfilled dreams and aspirations are a rite that all must come to know. All that come to know life are destined to know loss, primarily, death.

Death comes in many forms, and all that lives shall one day pass into the state of nonexistence. Life will go on, but the living are not granted a limitless portion of that life. Bodies and beings fade, but more tragically, the love and the memories they carry must die just the same.

That which is rare is considered precious and valuable. Then what could be of more value than the days of our phantasmal lives, which shall come to vanish as a tuft of smoke that shall never be again?

Each day is unique, not replaceable. Were time unbounded and we possessed an eternity to live, then we could go about lolly-gagging away life with no real pressure of having to make a choice about who we will be. But, our time is limited, so one day

our hand is pressed to finally choose lest life just pass us by. Life and time keep trudging along, never afraid to leave anyone behind.

So we have the gift of life, and now, we must determine what we are to do with this gift. We are limited in what we may attain, what we may have, and what we may do in the time we are given to be alive. Therefore, what is really important to us?

There is a vast emptiness which exists. This empty place is an illusion with motions and people and many material things that are as fragile and fleeting as our very own lives. We cannot have everything, so what is it that we shall choose as most vital to us?

A choice reveals values, character, and the person we truly are within our souls. Everyone is given their own personality. Maybe, personality is the most important aspect of our being: mind, body, and soul. I have to create and define myself through my choices. Who am I and what do I want to be?

There is one person I know for sure that sees all I do and all that I think. This person I cannot run from, or hide from. I have to live with this person every moment of my existence. I am that person.

Galatians 5:22,23 (a wise and beautiful girl once sent me this) (eyes rolling, that's a bit much)

22.) But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, 23.) gentleness, self-control; against such there is no law.

Dear XXXXX (Name edited out.)

Where to start and what to say?

First and most important: I love you.

Secondly, happy birthday. I am very glad you were born. Having had time to think things through, I think that I can adequately put my thoughts and desires to words. It helps a great deal to actually know what I would want. And, it did take me this long to see it and figure it out clearly enough to know for sure what I choose for eternity. (No regrets or feeling as I may have missed out on something.)

There are many options in this world, to cipher through them all takes time and concentrated thinking. There are many ways a man and woman can be together—but those many ways are irrelevant because I know the way I want and the only way I would ever accept. Let me start by listing things I do not need a woman for (not saying some of this is not nice, but I do fine for myself taking care of just me even if it is difficult at times): cooking, cleaning, keeping me “on track”, discipline, sex. What I do need a woman for: to love, to be loved. Now, as for the sex: I would say that my first thoughts as a boy and younger man were primarily focused upon the physical aspects of sex. But *without* the spiritual love and connection, it all winds up pretty much being a mere animal function. Though I reside within an animal body, I desire to be something higher, more divine, more noble. It has not always been an easy path to follow. I compare this struggle to some sort of internal war that is taking place within the battleground of my very own mind. There is a higher self of a divine noble nature that is in conflict with some sort of inborn trait that is lower, more animalistic, in nature.

But as it is, I refer back to the notion that rarity is what is to be esteemed as precious. I have learned that the woman of more animal desire, saying the woman whose mind is more ruled by the animal nature, is more common than rare. The truly rare woman, as is the truly rare man, is ruled by the higher divine spiritual nature. Where as the common is compelled by instinctual urge and hormones and physical sensation to the act of sexual interaction; the divine and noble man and woman are guided by spiritual values of love and union of two flesh/bodies to bring into being a new creature—a baby, a family, an extension and expression of this higher ideal. This is something that I learned from you, XXXXX, (Actually, I think it would be more appropriate to say that I learned/deduced this principle from my interactions with this girl, more so than because this was something that *she* taught me.), as before I met you I thought more in terms of physical gratification. Also, denial of these animal urges brought about animal frustration, which I did vent towards you. (Via curt words, displays of impatience, not listening very well, so forth.) Being as it is, I am trying to evolve into a higher creature, I say I am sorry for I did not understand what you were trying to communicate to me nor did I give you serious consideration as a being truly capable of thought input that would be relevant to me. Basically, I assumed mental superiority over you, not giving you a fair or equal value within our interactions. I did assume that since I was the man and you were the woman, I was the “leader” and your role, if not duty, was to follow me. Since I doubted your intelligence as capable as mine, I did not truly trust you. This only indicated my foolishness, as why would I want the burden of having to worry that my woman was so gullible, naive, or dumb that I could not trust her out of my sight or my direct supervision to not be misled? So I did try to wield control over you (referring to a subconscious demeanor not to an overt plan to control, things like emotional withdrawal) and when it did not work, I resorted to being mean, spiteful, and hateful towards you. (Again, not to make myself out as a complete monster, I am referring to more of an air of verbal insults towards her because of a sense of disappointment that I felt, but could not put into words at the time. Simply put now, she did not act as the preconceive “ideal” I had imagined in my head of how things were going to be. She was her own unique, individual personality, and my level of mental development was not prepared to deal with behavioral aberrations to what I wanted/fantasized life with a woman was going to be. Basically, at that time, I saw her as a failure [to me] for not living up to my expectations. When you think of someone as a disappointment, that attitude communicated regardless of conscious effort to do so or not.) Rather than concede to being wrong and even out-smarted by you, I determined

to destroy any good thing we may have had or ever could have, even if it cost me in the process. (At the pinnacle of idiotic break-up behavior it was hateful name-calling, self-destructive and childish behavior like drinking myself belligerently drunk, gambling away money, pessimistic shit day in and day out—I never slapped her [though the thought did cross my mind briefly a few times], but by “abuse” I refer to verbal and emotional behavior.)

The reason you are different for me than any other woman is because of the pride. I was so proud to be seen with you and for everyone to see us together. This was because of how my heart felt for you. To clarify: I have been with a woman, on a date or what have you, and not felt so proud. Almost a sense of not wanting to be seen by others—this stems from not being so proud of the woman, and maybe my own selfish thoughts of this nature, “I want her perhaps for sex, but she is not good enough to marry.” Therefore, I was ashamed of me because I knew since I never truly could love this girl with all my heart and soul, it could never really be right. After all, everything else was so empty in comparison.

I am still a regular man in a lot of senses. I can get angry, impatient, sick, hurt, or frustrated. Sometimes, I cuss way too much. (I am going to edit out the rest of this paragraph because it is some sappy, melodramatic bullshit that doesn’t really pertain to reality now or then. It reflects a dire misperception I had at that time. It is along the lines of “I love only you baby and I’ll never be able to find another like you, I’ll never be happy without you...blah, blah, blah.” Thank God we can get smarter as we get older.)

Dear XXXXX,

Today is Mother’s Day, so I called my Mom and we spoke for awhile. I did not have a great deal to say. I have been here at the San Antonio hostile for the last week battling an illness. Friday, I finally broke down and went to the doctor. It was a free-clinic for those without a great deal of means. I was lucky to have been able to go there, as the hospital would have been much more expensive. I awoke Monday with a headache and felt a bit warm as if I had a fever. Later on in the day, I developed a sore throat. I tried doctoring it with medicines and hydrogen peroxide gargling. Thursday night the pain was driving me almost into nervous fits. I was not getting better, but worse. My right tonsil had become greatly swollen. I could hardly swallow, couldn’t eat, and was having difficulty breathing. Lots of cough suppressants alleviated the hacking and burning, but my throat was extremely raw. It was the worst sore throat I ever have had. Finally, I reached back to the tonsil and tried to squeeze some of the infection out. The pain was intense and the cough suppressant spray was unsettling my stomach. I spewed some fluid a few times at first. Finally, I got the tonsil to burst, which released enough pressure to cope until the day came. As it was, I had a severe case of strep throat. I had to get a big shot of penicillin in the butt cheek. Thank goodness because it is almost healed, now.

There is a mission, The Salvation Army, in the downtown area for homeless people. They give you five nights free every 30 days, a sixth if you go to church. I go there from time to time to cut the costs of living, (just a bunk to sleep and a shower) but this is where I got sick. A lot of sickly people stay there, coughing all the time. One guy told me that I may get sick if I stayed there because there were so many coming through with flu and colds and so forth. But I was like, “Not me. I haven’t been sick in a long time, take multi-vitamins, and am super-healthy.” Well, I got sick. Another advantage to staying at the mission was the fact that the day-labor agency I was working through, Able Body, sends a small bus to this central location every morning, so the ride to work was a simple thing. (Able Body was a back-up job that I found, thankfully, when the rains messed up my plans to work elsewhere. This is actually the temporary job I got working in the “Peanut Factory”. I told you briefly about my observations of the Mexican girls at the nut-packing factory before. Do you remember?)

I arrived here in San Antonio this time on March 7th of this year. This was not going to be a long killing spree. I left Georgia on the 5th. My original plan was to work a landscaping job that I had learned of on one of my previous visits by day and do some killing by night. (A landscaping company, based in a suburb of San Antonio, was always short on labor, so they’d send a couple of trucks downtown to pick up workers. Actually, not too far from the Alamo. The job was simple, wheel-barrowing sod, laying sod, planting flowers, laying down wood chips, etc. They paid cash money everyday. Usually, they were busy.) They pick the guys up at a downtown location and that would start the day. Not a great deal of pay, but they do pay in cash. I had figured to work this job for only a few weeks to save up a few hundred dollars to go to Washington (the state, not DC, Seattle). I wanted to kill a few whores in tribute to Green River Gary then go to the boats.

I had planned to sign up for an Alaskan fishing boat job of which I hoped to earn enough money to pay off all my bills (a few small credit cards and the medical bills from the tree cutting accident of May 2005 which I still owe for). (I broke the spinal processes in my C6 and C7 vertebrae. A lot of brain bleeding and so forth, but I am ok now. This is when the urge to kill became overpowering, though.) A tree came down on me. My fault, basically. I needed some help to do the job right, at least safe. But no one was around; things didn’t work out as I hoped. Obviously.) I did not want a job that required a long-term commitment as I planned for an April departure to the fishing job. Things seemed to be working according to plan over the first week. Then the rest of March became very rainy, especially for down here. This year’s March was the most rain ever recorded for a March in San Antonio . One week, We only had the chance to work for a few hours on one day. Well, only earning \$35 for the week put a kink in the “plan.” The only way to relive the frustration at how society’s upper class was raping me over was to kill some whores. You know the story. LOL

Another aspect to this year's trip was to recover my W-2 forms from the place I worked at last year so I could fill out my taxes. Part of last year, I worked as a doorman and general handyman at Papa Ray's Sports Bar. At first, it seemed like a fun place but the everyday grind of watching over-intoxicated people burned me out mentally. But I did fill out my tax forms and got that taken care of.

Another thing I enjoy about San Antonio, besides the early warmer weather, is the bilingual culture. I have been studying Spanish, on and off, for some time, now. San Antonio has been a good place to practice my Spanish skills.

And still another advantage is that when I live on my own, my body weight tends to adjust to a leaner size. I usually don't have a bunch of food just lying around to eat if I get bored or the extra money to splurge on over-eating. I prefer healthier eating and cheaper eating on my own. At mom and dad's, it seems easy for me to fall into over-eating habits. The sunshine seems to be a pick-me-up from feeling gloomy. But now it is getting blazing hot and I try to concern myself with not getting skin damage from over-exposure to the sun.

Also, there is a humongous library downtown and I like to go there from time to time. I spent some time recently studying patent law and process. I have a project that I was interested in taking to business and perhaps patenting. Since lawyers are very expensive, I wanted to learn how to do it for myself.

I have told you about my boxing training and so forth. Last year, I met up with a trainer here in San Antonio that appears to have some real connections in the business. I was investigating this as before my life passes, a few professional matches is something I wanted to do. But I have the guys up in Michigan, too. It is just a life-goal-type-of-thing for me. Kind of like doing the art show last year.

So much has gone on for me over the past several years. Like living a whole bunch of different lives. I was a QC (Quality Control) inspector. A tree trimmer. Boxing hopeful. Artist. Writer. Sometimes poet. A gambler—that did not work out so well, but it was an adventure. Got stranded in Vegas after winning a bunch of money and losing it all just as easily. I learned a lot and through it all, I always have thought of you and how complete I felt with you. (Like I said before, some of this stuff is a little overboard on the sentimentality, but I did think of her a lot. Basically wondering how things did NOT work out when it felt so perfect in the beginning. I know, everything fell apart when it got past the level of superficiality.)

I wrote this second letter faster than the first, so it is not as neat. I hope you are well and I suppose that these words are the best I can give you this year for your birthday. I know I have been mean and pulled the rug out from underneath you before. (Note: She did the same a few times herself. I was conceding the battle, at least for a few days, an armistice, for her birthday.) I was sincere in all the good things I said of you. But after I gave you a break for your special day, (I was sincere, but she'd say something smart-assed and it was right back to square one every time.) I was spiteful and wanted to resume the argument where we had left off. I am done trying to argue my point across. (Oops, I spoke too soon on this one, even though that was my intention at that time.) The time has come for us to communicate with a gentle spirit of love. If we cannot communicate this way, then we could never have anything. There would be no point to arguing our lives away or hurting children by bringing them into a situation where their mom and dad cannot even control their frustration with love, patience, and respectful means of communication. I am trying to make things right between us as best as I know how. I hope you find it in your heart to meet me halfway.

(Pardon the next letter before you even read it. It is just so damned sappy in parts, it is somewhat embarrassing to think that I was thinking like that at the time for this girl.) Sometimes, I think I want to kill you, but you know I would resist them urges for you because I love you so very much.

Dear XXXXX,

(I am keeping your name secret now. Do NOT ask why if you don't want your ass beat, understand?) I keep confusing you with my ex-girlfriend in the sense of how I compartmentalize you in my brain. I hate her so much. But now I know I am talking to you and our time in Salt Lake City. Damn, I think I killed her. You are the girl from Georgia, right? The 100th monkey is saying sorry yet again.

Here I am again writing more to you. This makes me think of "choice". I could choose many ways to spend this time, but I am choosing to dedicate these moments of my life to you.

I remember that I loved to collect things as a child. I started off fascinated with dinosaurs and fossils. I had a lot of rocks and fossils. Even now, a particular rock or mineral captures my attention and imagination. Later on, my interest became outer space, planets, heavenly bodies, the stars. I can still become lost in thoughts of gravitational forces, nuclear physics, systems of motion. I love mechanics. Some of the engineering feats of the human mind are amazing (nothing compared to God's handiwork, of course).

I used to be able to escape for long periods in my collection of baseball cards and other sports cards. I did not develop a real like for race cars until I became friends with Mr. Willoughby. He is a big NASCAR fan. I gained an appreciation for the strategy of it all: aerodynamics, tire conservation, pit stops, and fuel management. It is truly a science. My dad is a big sports fan as was his dad, too.

Dad liked the L.A. Lakers in basketball and the New York Yankees in baseball. These are my favorite teams, too. Magic

Johnson was a hero of mine growing up. I was disappointed when he came down with HIV. I learned that he was a human, like all others, but special in some ways, too. I remember telling you I wasn't into sports that much—not in a way to deceive you, but I did tell you wrong.

That was back at the hostile in S.L.C. (Salt Lake City, UT) and I was a bit depressed with my life, so I wasn't that interested in sports at that time. (Maybe that's why I was cutting the whores up. I figured I was cleaning up the world, but maybe I was just bored.)

But I also made the wrong assumption about you, thinking that your interests were more home-maker/mother stuff because you were attending church. The intent of what I was saying was more like that being with you was more important to me than being obsessed with sports. I do like sports, but not overboard like some hard-core fans. I like my teams and players, mostly in the playoffs or very special matches of the best vs. the best. The Rocky movies fueled my interest in boxing, and for a while, I thought that Mike Tyson was the coolest guy on Earth. The best ever. Things sure changed over the years. I think many Mike Tyson fans were let down, but he was just a kid trained to be a boxer, not so much so to cope with all that came with that position of fame and money.

I have had to struggle with weight control for my life. Going up and down far too many times. But I have managed to workout and stay fairly healthy.

I have the interest in the Spanish language. Also English and writing. Sometimes, I get in the mood to be an artist.

My number one interest by far has been you, of course. (Actually, true, I think. I was quite smitten at one time.) Trying to know you and show you who I am—(Later realized to be a completely futile endeavor.) even when I am not even sure who I am. The quest to truly know another soul is fascinating. It means that it is possible for me to know something profoundly more than the buzz of thoughts and ideas swirling around in my head. Perhaps, if we know that other special person, we are more than alone in this thing that is life.

I am tired of being here in San Antonio. I was searching, aimlessly, for something and wandered here. I have found my mental clarity and it is lonely, now. I am ready to go back home. Perhaps, tomorrow I will mail this letter to you and return home.

I think my life will be easier and happier with you in it. (This is the line of thinking that got me into trouble. Perhaps, you have to be complete in yourself before you can be complete with another.) For the load to be easier to pull, both have to be pulling in the same direction. I want you, forever, to be my wife and one love 'till we are old. I want children, healthy and happy, for us to love and raise. I want a nice home, safe for a family. I want a life where we provide all that is needed for happiness and health. I like to read and learn. I want to spend time with you. I want us to get along and be healthy and love each other. This is what I want for my life.

Love Forever and Ever,
Daniel

This will be titled The Letter Never Sent. I never sent the letter. Reading it now, I think, "Shit in one hand and want in the other, see which fills up faster." Actually, I never sent it because I realized that the girl I was sending it to did not really exist, at least not by the same name of the girl I was going to send it to. She simply did not fill the bill, but I psychologically projected my mental image onto her. She was not educated enough to even read and write at a decent high school level, let alone comprehend anything significant. That's why I just quit. She would not, could not, understand anything significant. I never sent this letter because it would have only been an exercise in futility—she would not have comprehended what I was saying. She was good in a simple-minded sort of way, but I am not so simple-minded. We could never bridge the gap. For all that I loved about her simplicity, I was irritated by her lack of understanding in other areas. She could have been a dutiful "underwear washer" for me, but I didn't truly appreciate what she had to offer because though it was a nice thing to have someone help you through day to day tasks, it is ultimately worthless towards intellectuality. This is not the same as saying she is worthless, she is NOT. But she can never completely be what I need. And this is NO fault of hers, as I had thought—she can only be what she is. I blamed her for not being an intellectual genius. It was I, in fact, that was most weak for all my intelligence, because I was the one who refused to see reality. She told me, "We are just too different to make it." I refused to believe it, I thought I could devise a means to make things be good. At least she had the ability to accept the bluntly simple--we are not mentally compatible. Period. So I stopped trying, accepted what she said, and never sent the letter. As I said, she wouldn't have understood, anyway.

Wearing his now familiar stocking cap and sunglasses that he so often had worn while raping his dozens of victims, Officer Kenny T. Glenn was sitting in his recliner polishing his Glock Model 23 trying to figure out what the madman's letters meant. Futilely trying to decipher the neuro-linguistic programming hidden within the words. The programming that had led to so many murders and suicides.

The paranoia! "Dear Sissy," over and over that bastard had said in his letters. Kenny knew someone had figured out that he

was the rapist. Now they taunted him with suggestion after demonic suggestion that his destiny was to become a jailhouse *sissy*. These sick and twisted stalkers! They were everywhere now. Gang stalking. There was no easy time for a cop like Kenny.

Suddenly, the uncontrollable urge overwhelmed his senses. Powerless to resist, Kenny began to lick the barrel of his loaded gun. He swirled the tip of his tongue on the end of the barrel. “I love sucking your dick, Trolley Rulle,” Kenny said, sobbing as he began to deep throat the Glock 23 for the last time. He finally realized that this sick and twisted bastard was letting Kenny write the end of the story.

They were all dead now. Neuro-linguistically train raped into suicide and murder.

What the fuck had just happened?

it was a trip
a dip into the deep end
it left you thinking
how can I get out without
getting mind raped
over and over again
over and over again
the mind raper in the radio
the mind raper in the youtube tele show
i am the mind raper looking through the
window

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